

THE CONSTITUTION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME 11.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1831.

NUMBER 44.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,

By LORD & BARTLETT,

No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN-LANE,

At Three Dollars a year—payable in advance.

All Letters to be addressed to the publishers, POST PAID.

THE CONSTELLATION.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

New-York, Sept. 14th, 1831.

DEAR TIM,—I suppose you have been scratching your head this long while to know why I haven't wrote you, but you might scratch from July to ternity before you would guess, and so I'll tell you. You must know then that the month of August is hot enough here to roast niggers—this hot weather breeds yellow fevers, colery morbus, mosquitoes and bed-bugs, and so you see the city folks all clear off to the country and stay there till the hot weather is over. I always like to be in the fashion if it don't cost too much, but how to raise the wind to get off into the country was more than I could tell. A man travelling in the country without money is like the grany deer in the nursery song,

"Where's your money?"—"I've forgot it!"
"Then get you gone, you drunken sot!"

An idea at last struck me, and I put it in execution in less than no time. This was to go off into the Jerseys and hire myself out to farming, and so by uniting pleasure with profit kill 2 birds with one stone. I packed up my duds at once, and telling the folks I was going into the country a month or so, for the benefit of my health, off I started.

I hadn't much difficulty in getting a place, tho' the old Dutchman with whom I hired, said I was "a tam Yankee and would get him into some scrape, he know'd." He wanted a lot of land ditched, and I told him I'd undertake it at 20 cents a rod. "Will you, you Yankee?" says he. "Sartinly," says I. "Done," says he. And then he brings out an old pair of bellows and chalks down the agreement, and we both set our names to it.

Next morning the old fellow axed me why I didn't go to work. I told him my hands hadn't arrived—he thought I meant some brother Yankees, but you don't catch a Yankee ditching bugs in the Jerseys I tell you. The fact was, as soon as the bargain was struck, I sent right off to York and hired about a dozen big fisted Irishmen—some of the regular mud-turtle—to work for me a ditching at a York shilling a rod. The Irishmen came along in a few days, and some how or other the old Dutchman got scent of the bargain I had made with them. By the hokey! you never saw a white man quite so mad, I tell you. He called me all manner of names—swore I was a cheating Yankee, and that he'd never pay me more than I paid the Irishmen.

I kept as cool as a cucumber during all this thunder, and himby when the storm was sort of over, I told him I want to be timided by any of his big speeches—"but seeing you are so touchy about it," says I, "I'll tell you what I'll do."—"What ish dat?" says he. "I'll split the difference," says I. "Split de difference?" says he, "what de tyvel you call split de difference?"—"Why, according to your calculation," says I, "you have 1200 rods to be ditched." "Well, and what if I have, does that make what you call split de difference?" "No, you old cabbage-head," says I, "but at 20 cents a rod it makes 2 hundred and 40 dollars." "Yaw, mynheer, I know it does." "And that's what you are to give me for ditching out." "If you does the work, but not if them tam Irishmen does it." "No matter about the Irishmen—that's my contract with you, look at the bellows and see if 'tisn't."—"Yaw, mynheer," says he.

"And now here's my contract with the Irishmen," says I—"one shilling a rod—1200 rods—that's one hundred and fifty dollars—take that from 2 hundred and 40, leaves 90 dollars nett gain to me for the job." "De tyvel dat is one tam Yankee trick—I will preak de contract—I will pay no such distortions," says he. "Very well, just as you please," says I. "But I guess I'll take the law on you if you do." "Tam the law and you too," says he. "But stop," says I, "and let me show you how I'll split the difference." "I'll split your head," says he, "if you don't disperse from my premises." "Let us split the difference

first," says I. "Well, how is dat," says he. "Why, by the contract, 90 dollars will be coming to me when the job is finished—now if you have a mind to pay me one half that in cash, I will give up my contract with you, and you shall have the benefit of mine with the Irishmen." "I will do no such thing," says he, "what! give 45 dollars to one tam Yankee and be outwitted by him into the bargain!" "Don't get into a passion, mynheer," says I, "we shant split the difference half so soon. Let me argy the point a bit—'tis just as plain as the nose on your face or the tail on that ear pig that you'll make 45 dollars by splitting the difference." "De tyvel," says he, "I would like for you to tell me how." "Why, don't you get the job done by the Irishmen just so much cheaper than I should do it?" "Oh! yaw, yaw mynheer, I sees now," says he, "say nothing about it to mine neighbors, and I believe I will split de difference."

The old fellow was brim full of wrath and cabbage, but he saw I'd got the staff into my own hands, and so he couldn't get along at all. After fumbling about in his breeches pockets a half hour or so, he drew forth a leather purse brim full of shiners and counted out the 45 dollars, and then I gave up the Irish contract and bid him good morning. I hadn't five dollars in the world when I started, so that on the whole I did pretty well considering. And now with 50 dollars in my pocket I thought I could afford to travel as well as some of my neighbors—so off I started right into the hart of the Jerseys, consenring which I'll write you in my next. Yours truly,

ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

P. S. I hadn't got 20 miles on my j-urney before I was overtaken by six of the Irishmen, who told me they had all cleared out and left the touchy old Dutchman to do his ditching himself—I wonder how he'd "split de difference" now.

A TAILOR'S BILL.

We extract the following from the Weekly Museum of November 2d, 1799—a paper formerly published in this city;—the joke is too good not to be transcribed for the benefit of pettyfoggers in our day.

D.
"An unfortunate tailor, who had committed some law business to the hands of an attorney well practised in his profession, had a bill sent him some time since containing such a variety of charges that he thought himself fleeced most unmercifully. The only satisfaction which occurred to him was to prevail on the conscientious lawyer to have a suit of clothes made for which he in his turn, gave in something like the following bill—

To measuring and taking orders for a suit of clothes.	0l.	6s.	8d.
Warrant and instructions to my foreman.	0	6	8
Going three times to woolen Drapers.	0	1	0
Fees to the Woolen Draper.	4	4	0
Cutting out the cloth.	0	6	3
Materials for making.	1	16	0
Trying the suit.	0	13	4
Alterations and amendments.	1	11	0
Entering it in my day book.	0	10	6
Posting it in my ledger.	0	13	4
Writing to the button merchant.	0	6	8
Filling his declaration 16 sheets.	0	16	0
Fees to the button merchant.	0	6	8
Removing suit from my house to Broadway.	1	5	0
Removing it by Certiorari from Broadway to your country house.	1	5	0
Writing out a receipt with a stamp.	0	10	0
Filing same.	0	6	0
Service of same.	0	5	0
Do. eight times more.	2	0	0
	18	18	9

By this bill he continued to have a sufficient set off against the attorney and acted no doubt on principles of equal fairness and honesty."

TOO DRUNK FOR A BARGAIN. Tom Hobbs lived at a period when there were no temperance societies, or he might have been a sober man. As it was, Tom was sadly addicted to the bottle, and was six days in the week most gloriously drunk by the time he had dined, so that he was unfit for business till the next morning. "Tom was well aware of his infirmity, and would never suffer himself to make a bargain while in his cups.

One afternoon a stranger called upon Tom for

the purpose of purchasing a fine horse, of which he was the owner. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Jeremiah Johnson, and announced his business.

"Mr. Jeremiah Johnson," said Tom, looking him full in the face, "you have a notion after my hor-hor-horse, have you?"

"I have," replied Mr. Johnson.

"You are perfectly responsible, Mr. Johnson, are you?"

"I am."

"And can pay a pret-pretty good round price?"

"I can."

"Well, Mr. Jeremiah Johnson, if you will call to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock I'll tell you what I'll take for him,—I am too—too drunk this afternoon to make a bargain."

SCUTHAMPTON MURDERS. In the late awful massacre in Virginia, it is painful to learn, there were murders on both sides. After quelling the insurrection, the whites fell to work in cold blood, shooting and chopping off the heads of their prisoners. How many of these poor deluded creatures were thus murdered, we do not precisely learn; the Richmond Whig says, probably from five and twenty to forty, and possibly a larger number. The editor of that paper met with an individual of intelligence, who stated that he himself had killed from ten to fifteen. The people seemed determined without trial to inflict immediate death upon every prisoner—thus running the hazard of cutting off the innocent along with the guilty. This counter massacre was finally arrested by the energy and resolution of General Eppes, who commanded a body of the militia.

FAMILY LIBRARY. Number XXV. of Harper's Family Library consists of *Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern*, by Horatio Smith. To this is added an Appendix, relating to the same subjects in this country, furnished by Samuel Woodworth. The volume is embellished with plates. Here is a great deal of information presented to the reader in a small compass; and we are persuaded the volume will be read with much pleasure, if not interest. A history of the amusements of a people, is in some sort a history of the people themselves; and it may almost with truth be said of the inhabitants of a country—*By their amusements ye shall know them.*

MILLENNIUM. The Mormons say, that the millennium is to commence next year, and to begin at Philadelphia. We hope it will visit New-York next.

For the Constellation.

JUDGING OTHERS BY OURSELVES.

Upon an attentive observance of what passes before us, it is not difficult to see that mankind judge others by themselves, not only to a greater extent than is generally supposed, but much more than is just and fair to either party. Men who are the most upright and honest in all their dealings, are always the most willing to confide in others, and to drive from their minds every suspicion of unfairness; while men, who are prepared to take every improper advantage, are most cautious and careful never to give an undue advantage to any one. Assured how they would act in a given situation, they are unable to understand that others would act differently. Indeed there is no rule of more universal use, than that by which we form a judgment respecting another, from reflecting how we ourselves would act or be affected, if placed in similar circumstances.—Whether it is this that has occasioned the grievance of which I am about to complain, I will leave others to determine.

I reside at a public house, where there is a large company of various sorts of persons. I prefer such a house for the greater opportunities which are allowed of remaining silent and of escaping observation myself, and of listening to the talk and observing the conduct of those around me.—This desire of silence, on my part is mainly occasioned by a very great difficulty which I have in communicating my thoughts by speech. At dinner, the honors of the table are performed alternately by different persons, but principally by two gentlemen, whom I will call by way of distinction Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown.

Mr. Smith is a bachelor, tall, thin, and very particular in his manners. If I did not fear to offend him, perhaps I would say he approached very near

to that strange, pedantic, and dandy. He is of course equally particular in dress as in behavior, and he is certainly more choice in his food than in either. Of the very nice tit-bits which are selected for his plate, I have taken the liberty to observe that he eats a very small quantity. These are circumstances, for which, perhaps it will be said, Mr. Smith is responsible to no one, and the public is not interested in the matter. I grant that he has a perfect right to eat what, how, and as little as he pleases. I complain not of his eating, but of the consequences entailed upon me. Mr. Smith, as I have said, is one of our principal carvers. How he first got promoted to that office I have never inquired; I am unable therefore to award to any one the fame of selecting such a man to preside at our table. I believe he is proud of the situation, (has he not reason to be so?) and was ambitious to obtain it. True ambition will attain almost any distinction it aspires after.

Our other manual operator (he is not a surgeon, but deserves the name,) is Mr. Brown—a short, sturdy, active man, with health and jollity depicted on his countenance—exhibiting freedom, ease, and carelessness of manner in every movement. He appears to care as little for his dress as his address—though in truth I cannot say that his appearance is bad in either; and he evinces no choice whatever for one or another particular kind of food, and most assuredly eats a very great quantity. In short, he is directly the reverse and opposed in every respect to his associate and rival, Mr. Smith. But of none of this do I complain. The grounds of my personal griefs are yet to appear. They are these:—When Mr. Smith officiates as knight of the carving-knife, I find it impossible (even after repeatedly sending my plate until I am tired,) to get half enough meat for a reasonable and ordinary meal; although I must admit that what I do receive is very nicely selected and delicately cut. If, to my sorrow, he presides at our board for two or three days in succession, I am under the necessity of almost submitting to starvation in the midst of plenty, or of obtaining elsewhere, much against my inclination and habits, a sufficiency to supply the wants of nature. On the other hand, if the carving-knife is wielded by that other master of the science, Mr. Brown, I receive my plate overloaded with such a large and promiscuous mass, that its very appearance is sufficient to banish my appetite beyond reach for hours; so that in one way or the other, it is rare that I am not deprived of my dinner; and this too, when I think so much of a good dinner, and consider it beyond compare the best, and indeed the only tolerable meal. I have tried various means to procure a remedy of this crying evil; but I find it entirely out of the question, either to prove to Mr. Smith that I require more food than he does, or to show Mr. Brown that I have not an appetite as indiscriminate and insatiable as his appears to be. Both are determined to judge of my capacities and my wants in no other way than by theirs.

I hope this will come within their reach, and will lead them as well as others, to adopt some better rule of forming conclusions respecting their neighbors than that of deeming every one precisely like themselves. M. C.

CURIOUS LICENSE. A license is found under the hand and seal of Archbishop Juxon, dated 1663, by which he grants permission to Sir Nath. Pawell, Bart, his sons and daughters, and six guests, whom he shall at any time invite to his table, to eat flesh in Lent, provided they eat soberly and frugally, with due grace said, and privately to avoid scandal; and said Sir Nathaniel giving the sum of 13s. 4d. to the parish.

Lyson's Environs of London.

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT. In good old puritanical times, the laws of Connecticut would fine a man for kissing his wife on Sunday; but a few revolving years have wrought wonderful changes. We learn by the New-Haven Palladium of the 6th inst. that at the late session of the Supreme Court in that city, "Clara Bissel, of Litchfield, for concealing or destroying her infant child, plead guilty, and was sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail for three months, and to pay a fine of \$50.

If this is sufficient punishment to inflict on a mother, for murdering her child, what length of confinement, and what sum of money, would settle the account in that state if one adult should kill another? N. B. Lord Gazette.

MISCELLANY.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.
POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lucubration. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding, are necessary when you have got a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his state—a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsy, fondler of fun and frolic than anything in life. Even though she loves you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirits, and woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and though her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind complacent looks, until you have told "your pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for your pains.

It is not this either that I mean to express. Men are not cowards, because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has coolness sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to buck out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable, to march with due resignation to meet his fate. In like manner it is not like poor Pizarro, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his condition are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop in all his functions. He knows not how to look or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation perversely takes a turn totally different from that by which he hoped to lead the fair one from indifferent topics to thoughts of a tenderer complexion, and thus, by fine degrees, (he watching, all the time, how she was affected, in order to be sure of his bottom, before he makes the plunge,) to insinuate his confession, just at a moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of staidness pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible, and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced, at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to Miss —; and as their families were in the habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dum-bledie, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed her every where; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she even looked civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone. When his lordship, on assuring to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but losing heart by the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder-mine, he stopped short before her—"Miss —, will you marry me?" "With the greatest pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unflinching voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

Some gentlemen, equally nervous, and unaided by such a discriminating and ingenious mamma, have recourse to the plan of wooing by proxy. This is a system which I can by no means recommend. If a male agent be employed, there is great danger, that, before

he is aware, he begins to plead for himself.—Talking of love, even in the abstract, with a woman, is a ticklish matter. Emotions are awakened, which we thought were lulled to sleep forever, and we grow desirous to appropriate to ourselves the pretty sentiments which she so well expresses. A female go-between is less dangerous; but I cannot conceive with what face a man can ever address a woman as his wife whom he had not courage to woo for himself.

Day, the philosopher, had a freak of educating a wife for himself. He got two orphan girls intrusted to his care, on entering into recognizances to educate and provide for them. One proved too pliable to make any thing of. The other grew up every thing he could have wished. And yet he gave up the idea of marrying her, because he one day purchased a handkerchief more gaudy than accorded with his philosophical notions. Of course, it never came to a declaration. I wish it had, that one might have seen with what degree of grace a man could divest himself of the grave and commanding characters of papa and pedagogue, to assume the supple, insinuating deportment of the lover.

There is a set of men, whose success in wooing—and it is unfeeling—I cannot comprehend. Grave, emaciated, sallow divines, who never look the person in the face whom they address—who never speak above their breath—who sit on the uttermost edge of their chairs, a full yard distant from the dinner-table. I have never known one of these scare-crows fail in getting a good and a rich wife. How it is, Heaven knows! Can it be that the ladies ask them?

One thing is certain, that I myself have never been able to "pop the question." Like the inspired writer, among the things beyond the reach of my intellect, is "the way of a man with a maid." By what witchery he should ever be able to induce her, "her free unbounded condition" to "bring into circumscription and confine," is to me a mystery.—Had it been otherwise, I should not have been at this time the lonely inmate of a dull house—one who can scarcely claim kindred with any human being—in short.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

GABRIEL'S DEFEAT.

The present very alarming insurrection of the Africans in the slave-holding States, imparts a thrilling interest to every thing relative to their prospects for self-emancipation.

About thirty years ago, it was discovered that in the neighborhood of Richmond, a plan had been devised by the colored people, to spread slaughter and devastation among the whites. Three negroes had been seen by their master riding out of his stable-yard.—This was sufficient to create alarm. On their return, the then ascending blacks were tried by the court of three.* Though no direct evidence was adduced, yet enough was elicited to induce the belief that there had been an extensive combination formed for dreadful purposes. The governor of Virginia offered the sum of \$10,000 and the gentlemen of the city of Richmond, \$10,000 more, as a reward to any one who would give information of the head of the project. No one was tempted to betray the secret.

A few days after the \$20,000 reward was offered, a little African boy came into a grocery store in Richmond and asked for a quart of rum. The grocer asked him for whom he wanted it. He said, for his uncle Gabriel.—That African, when twenty-one years of age, had asked his master how much he would take for him. His master replied, "Gabriel, no money would buy you. But," said Gabriel, "should I buy myself?" "In that case," said the master, "I would take \$500 for you."—"Then I am ready to pay," said Gabriel. "Had I thought so," said the master, "I would not have made the offer. But as I have said it, I will not draw back." Gabriel was manumitted. He then commenced the learning of the English language, and in a short time learned reading, writing and arithmetic. He was intelligent, sober, and amiable. All people who knew him, esteemed him highly. He was 25 years of age when the reward was offered. Such was the man who sent his nephew for a jug of rum, which cost him his life. The grocer asked the boy where his uncle Gabriel was. He replied in the Sally-Ann, a vessel at the dock, just ready to sail for St. Domingo. The grocer told the boy to wait a little, for his return. Notice was given to an officer, and Gabriel was apprehended, then put on his trial; he thought some one had been tempted by the great reward, to betray him, and he confessed the whole. He said their plan was to fire the city at the end opposite to the arsenal, men were appointed to ring the fire-bells, and while the citizens were drawn off to extinguish the fire, they intended to seize the arsenal, rush into the city and slaughter all

indiscriminately, except a few young ladies who were selected to be the wives of some of the leaders. All these measures Gabriel avowed as his own device. He said that his earliest thoughts were occupied with these plans—that he had traded in his peculium, and increased his stock to \$500, at the age of 21—that he had made himself acquainted with learning for this sole object—that he had travelled expressly through the southern States by night, riding down many horses, in preparing the Africans for his measures—and that he had formed in caves and remote places, depots of arms. He also told the court that had God not interfered by a great rain, that so swelled a stream in the neighborhood of Richmond, that his assembled band could not pass, they would not that day have been sitting as his judges. "But," said the court, "Gabriel, we all esteemed you. You have not been thought cruel. How could you desire a scheme of such almost indiscriminate bloodshed?" Gabriel coolly replied, "It is not that I delight in the shocking of the blood of men. But there is no other way of procuring our freedom. I love my nation. We have as good a right to be free from your oppression, as you had to be free from the tyranny of the King of England. I know my fate, you will take my life. I offer it willingly, as a martyr to liberty. My example will raise up a Gabriel, who will, Washington like, lead on the Africans to freedom." Gabriel was executed, by having a horse attached to each of his four limbs, and was thus torn asunder. He died without a murmur, cool, collected, in the faith that his death would not be in vain.

The incidents are embodied in the song called "Gabriel's Defeat," and set to a tune of the same name, made also by a colored man. The writer of this has heard the tune in Virginia. It is a favorite air in the dances of white people. It need not be added that the song is popular among the colored population of the South.

The following account of the death of Tecumseh, is from "A View of the United States of America," issued from the London press, in 1820. We copy it, believing that it will be read with interest, but it is right to remind the reader, that the assertion that he fell by the hand of Col. Johnson has been doubted, and is exceedingly questionable. That story may be classed among the romances of history. That the Colonel killed an Indian is very probable, but that the Indian was Tecumseh, is, as Partiside would say, a "non sequitur."

Death of Tecumseh. The Americans were now masters of Lake Erie; but their territory was still in the possession of General Proctor. The next movement was against the British and Indians at Detroit, and at Malden. Four thousand Kentuckians, with the governor at their head, arrived at Gen. Harrison's camp; and with the co-operation of the fleet, it was determined to proceed at once to Malden, while Col. Johnson was ordered to proceed to Detroit. On the 28th, the troops were received on board, and on the same day reached a point below Malden, which had been evacuated by the British General, Proctor, who, with the Indians under Tecumseh, had retreated along the river Thames. On the 2d of October, the Americans marched with 3,500 men in pursuit of Gen. Proctor, and the first day proceeded 26 miles. On the 4th they were detained by an attack from a large body of Indians, who were dispersed, and 2000 stands of arms captured: the day following they reached the place where the enemy had encamped. Col. Johnson went forward to reconnoitre, and found the British drawn up in battle array; the right wing consisted of the Indians under Tecumseh, who were posted in a swamp.—The Americans were formed in two lines, with cavalry in the front opposed to the savages.

Upon the left, the action was begun by Tecumseh with great fury; and Col. Johnson who commanded on that flank received a galling fire. The combat now raged with unusual violence; the Indians, to the amount of 1300, seemed determined to maintain their ground to the last, and the terrible voice of Tecumseh could be distinctly heard, encouraging his warriors, who fought round their gallant chief with determined courage. An incident soon occurred which decided the contest. Col. Johnson rushed forward towards the spot where the Indians, clustering about their undaunted leader, contending with the utmost fury, and found himself in the midst of them, while a hundred rifles were aimed at him.—The Colonel, being mounted on an elegant white horse, was a very conspicuous object; and his holsters, clothes, and accoutrements were pierced with bullets, himself having received five wounds, and his horse nine. At the instant his horse was about to sink under him, the daring Kentuckian, covered with blood from his wounds, was discovered by Tecumseh. The heroic chief, having discharged his rifle, sprang forward with his tomahawk; but struck with the appearance of his brave antagonist, and somewhat startled by

the determined glance of his eye, hesitated for a moment, and that moment was his last. The Colonel levelled his pistol at his breast, and they both, almost at the same instant, fell to the ground; Tecumseh to rise no more.

The Kentucky volunteers rushed forward to the rescue of their leader, while the Indian chiefs and warriors, surrounding the body of their great chieftain, fought with the utmost desperation; but no longer stimulated by his animating voice and example, soon after fled in confusion. Near the spot where this scene occurred, thirty Indians were found dead, and six of their opponents. In this engagement, the British loss was 90 killed, and 150 wounded; the Indians left 120 on the field. The American loss in killed and wounded amounted to upwards of fifty. After the action, General Proctor retreated along the river Thames, leaving several pieces of brass cannon, and his travelling carriage, containing all his private papers.

The Indian Chiefs now came forward and sued for peace, which was granted them, on condition of declaring against their former friends, which they immediately did, and were supported at the expense of the American government during the ensuing winter. The Indian war in this quarter being now at an end, and the frontier secured, the greater part of the volunteers were permitted to return home; and General Harrison, after stationing General Cass on Detroit, with about 1000 men, proceeded, with the remainder of his force to join the army of the centre at Buffalo, on Lake Erie.

* Thus fell, about the fortieth year of his age, Tecumseh, the most celebrated Indian warrior that ever raised the tomahawk against a white man; and with him fell the hopes of the Indians attached to the British army. But he felt respected by his enemies, as a great and magnanimous chief; for though he never took prisoners in battle, he treated with humanity those that had been taken by others; and at the defeat of Col. Dudley, in attempting to relieve Fort Meigs, actually put to death a chief whom he found engaged in the work of massacre. He was endowed with a powerful mind, and possessed the soul of a hero; he had an uncommon dignity in his countenance and manner, by which marks he could be easily distinguished, even after death, from the rest of the slain; for he wore no mark of distinction. When girded with a silk sash, and told by General Proctor, that he was made a brigadier in the British service, he returned the present with respectful contempt. Born with no title to command but his native greatness, every tribe yielded submission to him at once; and no one ever disputed his authority.—His form was uncommonly elegant, his stature about six feet, and his limbs perfectly proportioned.

JIMMY WRIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

Taken as a body, there are no better men to be found in the world than sailors. We mean, as regards honesty, generosity, and good nature. The buffers of the sea appear to render them invulnerable to bullets on shore, and wherever you find them, and under whatever circumstances, you see in them the same disposition to be jolly, and the same propensity to regard the "numerous bladders of flesh is heir to," with total indifference. A sailor never forsakes a friend in adversity—he never turns a deaf ear to the voice of pity. The terrors of the deep, and the thunders of brazen bull-dogs are insufficient to make him quail, but the tear of beauty will subdue him in an instant—he will give his all to alleviate sorrow, and fight to the last in defence of injured women. Such are sailors—at least, this is the character of many, and just such as Jimmy Wright, a veteran tar, who, having carried his jollifications to a considerable height on Friday night, and not having the fear of the watch-house before his eyes, found himself unexpectedly in custody. It was stated by the watch that Jimmy had pertinaciously insisted upon entering a house in the lower part of the city, against the consent of the landlady. He told the woman he wanted a glass of gin, and would take no denial, although the lady assured him her house was not a tavern. Jimmy could not see straight—he thought the lady was jesting and only keeping him at play—and he set about winning her favour, by smiling and simpering, and laughing and joking, which in most other cases he had found irresistible, when shown off before females.—Still the lady was inexorable. Next did Jimmy tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach" of wars and perils he had seen; of wounds and scars—but the lady neither shed tears nor brought the cin! Seeing the prospect was unpromising, he resolved to effect his purpose by a desperate *coup de main*. This was no less than perpetrating upon the lady's face a smack of his tobacco-stained lips. He was sure of success; but to his utter dismay, she shouted "watch!" and had him arrested. The Mayor chided Jimmy for his rudeness, but Jimmy said, he never could hear advice to a good purpose before he got his biters, and he begged him to defer it to a more suitable opportunity. When properly fortified with gin, it was a pleasure to hear the counsels of his friends, but under present circumstances it would be a severe punishment. This his honor thought Jimmy needed.

London paper.

* Three planters, in any case of emergency, form a court to try slaves.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES.

Heard by the late Mr. Chiquahua, from the lips of Millar the bookseller.

FIELDING having finished the manuscript of "Tom Jones," and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety, both to know at how high a rate his labors were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, to whom he had shown his MS. that it should at least produce twice that sum. But, alas, when the bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes, seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and distressing intimation. "And will you give me no hopes?" said he in a tone of despair. "Very faint ones, indeed, sir," replied the bookseller, "for I have scarcely any hope that the book will move." "Well sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it, and, little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it." "Well, sir," returned our bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and, in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it; the book will not move; it is not to the public taste, nor do I think that any inducement can make me offer you more than 25*l.* for it." "And that you will give for it," said Fielding, anxiously and quickly. "Really I must think again, and will endeavor to make up my mind by to-morrow." "Well sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the 25*l.*; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money, and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript." "I will see what I can do," replied the bookseller; and so the two parted.

Our author, returning home from his unpromising visit, met his friend Thomson the poet, and told him how the negotiation for the manuscript he had formerly shown him stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his headstrong bargain, conjured him, if he could do it honorably, to cancel it, and promised him in that event, to find him a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment.

Fielding therefore posted away to his appointment the next morning with as much apprehension, lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he felt the day before lest he should decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the MS. very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went, in company with him to Mr. Andrew Millar, a popular bookseller at that day. Mr. Millar was in the habit of publishing no works of light reading but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him; and, some days after, she having perused it, bid him by no means let it slip through his fingers. Millar accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson at last suggested, "it would be as well if they proceeded to business." Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work. "I am a man," said Millar, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than two hundred pounds for it." "What!" exclaimed Fielding, "two hundred pounds!" "Indeed Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed I am sensible of your talents; but my mind is made up." "Two hundred pounds?" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment; "two hundred pounds, did you say?" "Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit; but my mind is made up, and I cannot give one farthing more." "Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, with undiminished surprise, "allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether you are so-rious?" "Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel." "Then, my good sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And waiter," continued he, "bring us a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died, he had cleared *eighteen thousand pounds* by Tom Jones, out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents, at different times, of various sums till they amounted to two thousand pounds; and he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

A late publication of Mr. M. CAREY, entitled "Thoughts on Penitentiaries and Prison Discipline," contains the following:

THE LAW'S DELAY.

Among the most revolting features of our criminal jurisprudence, is the protracted imprisonment of persons accused of crimes, many of them of a most trivial nature—in many instances the accusation entirely false, and the prosecution the result of malice. More atrocious still is the case of persons bound to appear as witnesses, who, unable to procure bail, are thrown into prison, and often suffer as long an imprisonment as if they were guilty of the offence about which they are to give evidence! The number of cases in which no prosecutor appears, or in which the bills are ignored by the grand jury, and in which the accusations have proved to be malignant persecutions, bear a revolting proportion to the whole number of persons actually brought to trial.

Arrangements on this subject ought to be promptly made, which would secure the accused a speedy trial. A police court, consisting of three or four magistrates, ought to be established in our large cities, and to sit daily for the trial of petty crimes—and a court, with similar powers, ought to be held monthly, to decide on the cases of persons accused of felonies.

This plan would diminish masses of misery and suffering, and of corruption, contracted by promiscuous intercourse in our jails previous to trial, and would probably do as much to thin our prisons as any other measure the mind of man could conceive. It is very true, it would probably create a necessity for an additional judge or two, and thus increase expense—but this would not weigh a feather in the scales of humanity, against the removal of the cruel and unmerited sufferings wantonly inflicted on the innocent accused, and on the witnesses.—In no department of the affairs of a country is parsimony more misplaced, than in the administration of justice. But even making it a mere paltry business of dollars and cents, the present system can scarcely be defended; for the expense of supporting the accused and the witnesses in prison, probably amounts to as much as the salary of one or two judges.

Some years since, an Irish passenger vessel arrived in the port of Philadelphia, on Patrick's day. The passengers, on landing, met with some of their countrymen, with whom they adjourned to a tavern, where, in the buoyancy and exhilaration of their spirits a row took place. In the midst of the fray constables were called in, who seized the rioters and took them to a magistrate's office. The unfortunate passengers, one and all, went with their countrymen to the office to see what was to be the issue of this unlucky affair. As spectators, they were all bound over to appear and give testimony on the subject, and not being able to procure bail, they were sent to prison, where they spent the night and many subsequent weeks of their residence in their newly adopted country! A police court would have despatched them from duress to four-and-twenty hours. Of about 130 persons ordered for trial at a Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia, about three years since, there were above seventy dismissed, accused and witnesses, against the former of whom no bills had been found! What an aggregate of injustice and suffering, and contaminating intercourse, is embraced in this appalling fact!—Whether any prosecutor had appeared, or whether bills had been ignored, I cannot determine. But from the wretched state of Arch-street prison at that time, it can scarcely be doubted that, however innocent they might have been when they entered, they were, on their departure, more or less corrupted; and, coming out with tarnished characters, would be shunned by their acquaintances, and in some measure driven to licentious courses!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

TITLES OF HONOR.

The subjoined article is from the pen of a writer who calls himself "Piomingo, a head-man and warrior of the Muscogulgee Nation." He professes to have been born among the aborigines of this country, and educated, principally, by the labors of an intelligent American, who, in consequence of some misfortunes in early life, contracted a distaste for society of his countrymen, and settled among the Indians. Piomingo wields a powerful pen; he looks with great but not unmerited severity, some of the vices which have crept in among us, and he strictly exposes some of our ridiculous follies and absurdities. We shall probably lay before our readers, from time to time, other interesting articles from the same pen.

Most of the Indians who live near the frontiers of the United States have become debased and corrupted by their intercourse with

the descendants of Europeans. They are contaminated with the vices and infected with the diseases of civilized nations. They have forgotten the heroic exploits of their warlike ancestors. They join no more in the war dance, nor raise the song of victory and triumph. They have lost all national pride and dignity of character; and are to be seen, in a state of beastly intoxication, wallowing in the streets of your frontier villages.

"These degraded wretches, when they come among you, are fond of adorning themselves with the cocked hat, or cast-off coat, of some military officer. You laugh at their childish folly; and you are right in so doing; for they deserve both ridicule and contempt."

"But what must be said of the enlightened citizens of an illustrious republic, who are proud to decorate themselves with the shreds and patches torn from the many-colored moth-eaten coat of feudal aristocracy? They do not attempt to manufacture a garment for themselves, but they search the ditches, and alleys, and dunghills of corruption, for rags and tatters, wherewith they ornament themselves, and then strut about with the most disgusting pomposity. These people were once slaves, but became unruly, and, by a successful exertion of their powers, emancipated themselves: but it appears they were unfit for freedom, as they still continued to be proud of the livery which they wore when in a state of servitude. They prate much about the dignity and perfectibility of man; but an attentive observer may still perceive that they hanker after the golden trappings of servitude."

If they must have titles of dignity, why do they not select the most honorable? They have as good a right to be dukes, marquises, and earls, as to be esquires. "His Grace, the Duke of Goose-land," would sound much better than "the honorable John Dolt, Esquire."—Why should they address one of the governors with the contemptible appellation of "Excellency," when there are such fine high-sounding words in the language as "Majesty, Serenity, Sublimity?" Why should they talk of his "honor the judge," when they might make use of the dignified appellation of "Lord Chief Justice of the supreme Court?" Why should members of the legislature be described only as "honorable," when there could be added many more adjectives, equally as expressive of their characters: such as "Sapient, Intelligent, Profound; and they might be addressed with great propriety as "High and Mighty Lords?" Why should justices of the peace, aldermen, &c. be only honored with the title of "worshipful," when we could pronounce with such sweetness and dignity, "His Serene Highness, Alderman Clotheopper;" and "His Admirable Greatness, Justice Numbskull?" Why should the clergy only be known by the appellation "reverend," when there are such words as "The Most Holy Father in God, Christopher Overgood?"

"When Constantine the great first christianized the Roman empire, he invented a long string of delectable titles. An account of them may be seen in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. We would advise the citizens of the United States (as they have full right to choose what titles they please in this land of liberty) to adopt the ingenious scale of titles laid down by Constantine; or if these should not appear sufficiently dignified they may refer to the kingdoms of the east, and select some of the most sonorous, such as, Holy Son of Heaven, Disposer of Kingdoms, Brother of the Sun and Moon, &c."

"If you must adorn yourself with borrowed features, your good taste might lead you to choose those of the peacock, the ostrich, and the bird of Paradise, in preference to those of the owl, the buzzard, and the crane. The English language is copious. Select the most harmonious and splendid designations; but do it boldly. Prepare provisions for yourselves. Why should you lick up the crumbs that fall from the table of your former master?"

"What ridiculous consequence a plain republican immediately assumes upon finding himself addressed by the title of esquire! He soon conceives that he feels something like noble blood coursing up and down through his veins! He thinks it very possible that he may have sprung from some younger son of a younger brother of some noble house. Some of his ancestors may have lived in some dignified family, as butlers, or housekeepers, or some other way. Sometimes he even flatters himself that certain illegitimate sprinklings of blood royal may have ennobled the plebeian current that runs in his veins. He begins to study the nature of his name, decypher its etymology, and claim kindred with every family who may have borne the same appellation."

"Would it not be better for some of these ambitious mortals to endeavor to convert their own name into a title of dignity than to be ambitious of usurping a barbarous distinction, to which they have no claim. Caesar was the name of a man, but became in time a title of a most dignified nature. Who knows but some

enterprising genius may spring up in the western world and convert his name into a title that will be remembered forever?

"The Indians give names to their children in infancy; but that Indian would sink into absolute contempt, who should not acquire, to himself, a new name, by his success in hunting or his exploits in war. Now, would the polished citizens of the United States condescend to learn something useful from the savage inhabitants of the wilderness, we think they might adopt this custom with the greatest propriety. Let every man be reckoned utterly contemptible who shall not acquire a new name before he be thirty years of age."

"If he have performed any remarkable action, let his name be taken from that. If he have not at all distinguished himself by any single exploit, it is probable that there will be discoverable some prominent traits in his character, from which he may be designated. The new appellation would become a title of honor to the virtuous, and a mark of opprobrium and disgrace to the vicious."

"Example gratia; If a man discovered a great inclination to indulge in the pleasures of the table, and this propensity became the leading trait in his character, we see no reason why he should not be denominated 'The Glutton.' Such should be the name of the man who may be said 'to live that he may eat.' But should the glutton discover an extensive acquaintance with the art of preparing viands, we think he ought to be honored with the appellation of 'Cook.' This title should be given to those gentlemen who distinguish themselves by learned disquisitions on the nature of custard, or can enumerate the ingredients that enter into the composition of a pudding. Adepts in the science of preparing turtle soup, and those whose intelligence enables them to descend learnedly on the manner of giving to oysters the most exquisite flavor, should likewise be distinguished by the same designation."

"If such a plan as this were adopted, instead of the unmeaning names now in use, we should hear of 'Drunkard,' 'Swindler,' 'Romancer,' &c. There might likewise be established, under the superintendence of government, a college of heralds for the purpose of giving appropriate ensigns armorial to every one, on the completion of his thirtieth year."

Female Warriors. The Hamburg Correspondent contains the following, dated Warsaw, July 7: An eye witness gives the following sketch of the detached Lithuanian corps, of Countess Plater and Count Cesar Plater. The Countess is about 20 years old. Her pale and beautiful features are indicative of a romantic melancholy. Her duenna (lady's maid) supplies the place of Aid-de-Camp, and is younger than her mistress. The former is the Chief of the Staff, and at the same time Intendant General of the corps. They are dressed as men, and are constantly among the troops. The Countess has assumed the name of M. Constantine. From him the soldiers receive orders, provisions, and ammunition. Count Plater is well known at Warsaw, where he spent all last winter. He is a young man of about 21 years, of feminine features, and middling stature. When he is not engaged in military duties, he devotes his time to prayer.

Proper Petition. Mr. Hodges presents a petition from Tom-bridge against the Beer Bill: Of course, the Hon. Gentleman prefers his own "blue ruin." The petitions against this bill would come with effect from Beer-alston, Beer-regis, and Ayles-bury; against cider they would come well from Apple-by; against corn from Barn-stable; against resurrection-men from Bark-shire; against commutation of tithes from Bishop's Castle; for the disfranchisement of Wareham from Chester; against macadamization from Flint-shire.

Highland notion of Tooth-Brushes.—A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?"—"Please ye, Madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

What a shocking bad Hat! The following is given by the New Monthly Magazine, as the origin of this very popular and very silly exclamation:—"When Mr. H—, the worthy hat-maker, was canvassing the poorer constituents of the borough of Southwark for their 'sweet voices,' he invariably addressed them in this form: I wait upon you, Sir, to request the favor of your vote and interest at the ensuing election. To bribery and corruption I will—not—have—recourse! but, Sir, if—Why, bless me, Sir! What a shocking bad hat you have got! really you must allow me to send you a new one—But, Sir, as I was about to say, if you can, concientiously,

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

AMBIGUOUS.

"His neighbors he did not mind,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day."

We have taken the above stanza from that compound of sublimity, pathos, and descriptive beauty, *OLD GRYMES*. The author of that remarkable production, like all great writers, is in general exceedingly clear, and expresses his meaning so as to be understood by readers of every description. But in the last clause of the above quotation there is, we grieve to say it, an ambiguity of a very puzzling nature; and one which hereafter will doubtless employ the pens of the most learned and voluminous commentators in clearing up.

"He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day."

Query—what did he change—his buckles or his shoes? What does the pronoun, *them*, refer to? This is the debatable point. But how is it to be settled? We cannot, for a very obvious reason, appeal to the author of *Old Grymes* for his meaning; and as for our fellow readers, they are probably as much in the dark as we. Such being the case, we must endeavor to get at the true meaning of our author as we best may.

The question naturally divides itself into two heads—namely, for that matter, into three. Firstly, did *Old Grymes*—"that good old man"—change his buckles every day? Or, secondly, did he change his shoes? Or, thirdly and lastly, did he change both buckles and shoes together?—This is a point of the utmost importance, because, while it remains unsettled, the character of the good old man remains in doubt; and every friend to the memory of that venerable personage is interested in settling the matter right.

"He changed them every day."

This shows the wonderful regularity—the perfect order—which governed the life of *Old Grymes*. Had he been less regular—had he been at all of a careless disposition—he must sometimes have forgotten to make the important change, which we are assured in the text he made every day. Only mark the attention of the good old man! He was as regular as a Quaker—and yet he was not a Quaker, as is evidently proved by his wearing a "black coat," instead of a plain olive or drab. But his regularity is what we admire—

"He changed them every day."

yes every day of his life he changed them. But what did he change? that is the question. Some will say, he changed his buckles; some will say, his shoes; and some will say, both.

Now we know very well, that when a man had both his shoes made on one last, and before the fashion of rights and lefts was introduced, it was customary to change them frequently, so that they might not run down at the heel, or wear out sooner on one side than the other. And a man of exceeding regularity, such as *Old Grymes* certainly was, no doubt changed them every day. We well recollect we did so ourselves—not that we would compare us at all with that good old man—but we mention it merely for the sake of argument.

Shoes then, as many of our readers can attest, and we suppose all will admit, used to be frequently changed, for the reasons just mentioned. But that does not settle the point in relation to the practice of *Old Grymes*. That good old man might have trod exact—might have carried his shoes so directly before him—as to be in no danger of wearing his shoes askew, although he never changed them.

But would he be likely to change his buckles, and not his shoes? Possibly he might. Such good old men are sometimes eccentric—or at least act different from the common herd of mankind—and who knows but *Old Grymes*,

Who "had no malice in his heart,
No ruffles on his shirt,"

might take it into his head, for some reason best known to himself, to change his buckles every day, instead of his shoes.

Or possibly being, as he certainly was, a good old man, he might think it but a waste of precious time daily to disengage his buckles from his shoes—and so change them both together.

We are persuaded that one or the other of these is the true interpretation. But as Doctor Johnson concluded his immortal *Rasselas* without coming to any conclusion, so in like manner must we conclude this most difficult subject—deeply lamenting at the same time, that such ambiguity should ever creep into the works of distinguished authors, as to render their meaning doubtful to all future ages.

SAILORS ON A RAIL-ROAD.

Two Jolly sons of Neptune the other day took it into their heads to make a trip on the rail-road at Hoboken. They paid their passage, and embarked in one of the cars that ply constantly for the accommodation of children of all ages.

"A d—d queer kind of a craft is this," said Jack. "How shall we get it along? Here's neither sails nor oars."

"But look here," said Tom, "here's a sort of a contrivance; but, blast me, if I can tell how it works. Hulloa! Captain, how does this water wheel go?"

One of the keepers instructed them in the use of the crank, and they were about setting forward when it suddenly came into Jack's head, that they could not afford to pay their passage and work it—and he exclaimed—"Hulloa! I say, Captain, give us back them are two shillings, if you please. No rousing—no making us pay our fare, and then work our passage too. Cheat the marines if you will—but don't try your tricks upon sailors."

"It's no trick," said the keeper—"every body pays in the same way—and every body that rides here turns the crank for himself." So saying, he gave the vehicle a smart push, to set it a going; and the sailors, finding that they must either work their passage or lose their ride, began to turn the crank with all vigor and set forward at a most furious rate.

"Avast there!" roared Tom—"one of us must steer."

"Very well," replied Jack, "you steer and I'll row."

"But where is the rudder?" said Tom, turning his face to the rear of the vehicle. "Some rascal has unshipped it. Hulloa! Captain, fetch us the rudder."

"There's no need of a rudder," said the keeper, "you can't get out of the way; I'll insure you a safe passage."

Thus assured, the sailors put forward with all speed, swung their hats round, hurrahed, and seemed to enjoy themselves mightily.

"I say, Tom, a fine breeze this."

"Ay, Jack, almost a gale."

"How many knots does she move an hour, comrade?"

"Seventeen by the log."

"She's a keen sailer—beats the Sally Ann all to smashes. But she's a d—d queer craft after all—see what a homely starn she's got—and then her bows, how awkwardly they're turned."

"That's true, Jack—but she does very well for coasting herabouts. However, I shouldn't like to go to sea in her."

The tars, who had enjoyed the sport very highly at first, pretty soon got tired of it, and wished to land; but they were exceedingly puzzled how to stop the vehicle.

"Avast there," said Jack, "haul in your sails!"

"You forget," said Tom, "she has no sails."

"How shall we bring her up then?" said Jack, "casting a dubious look upon his comrade."

"Throw the anchor," roared Tom.

"Devil a bit of an anchor has she got," replied Jack, with a still more dubious look.

"Never mind that," said Tom, who just now recollected that they were turning the crank all the time—"slack your oars there—slack away!"

With that they suddenly stopped the crank, and the band as suddenly slipped from the wheel.

"Look out there!" cried Jack—"the rigging has got out of place."

"D—n the rigging!" said Tom, "there's no stopping the ship any way. We must throw ourselves overboard and swim ashore."

"I'm ready," said Jack—"but first let us take a drink"—drawing a small bottle from his pocket.

"Avast there! Jack—don't drink it all," Tom finished the bottle, and they both leaped from the car which was yet under full speed from the impulse already given it. They came sprawling like a couple of frogs upon the ground, and began to imitate the action of swimming, with all their might, to get safe to land. But finding themselves making little headway, and exposed to the laugh of the spectators—they bethought themselves of their ludicrous condition, and rising on their feet, they rolled from side to side through the crowd, and swore they would never take another voyage in such a d—d queer rigged craft as that."

AMERICAN INSTITUTE. The fourth annual Fair of the American Institute will take place on the 11th October, at Masonic Hall. The Exhibition continues for three days; a vast number of specimens of manufacture are usually exhibited; and while American ingenuity and enterprise are encouraged, the eye of the spectator is at the same time highly gratified.

GREAT CITY KETTLE.

The great bell, situated a little to the eastward of the cupola of the city Hall, has at length astonished the citizens (such as could hear it) by striking the hours of the day. Some six months, or so, have elapsed since it was raised to the roof of the building; and such was expected to be its loudness of tone, that people of weak nerves kept their ears partially filled with cotton, that they might not be absolutely thrown into fits the first time it should strike.

But, pshaw! their apprehensions were entirely groundless. This most enormous bell can scarcely be heard a hundred yds. All the church bells—even those of the most meek and unassuming disposition—draw the great city bell, without any remorse, by the loudness of their tongues. This should not be. The great city clock should speak louder than any of them.

The church clocks can never agree. One says, Such is the time of day. Another says, No, you are too fast. A third exclaims, You are both wrong, and I am right. And nobody knows which to believe. One man regulates his watch by St. Paul's; another, by St. George's; and a third by the Middle Dutch. Now it was confidently expected that the city clock would settle all these differences; would not only be the guide to the true time of day, but would speak so much louder than the others as to be distinctly heard above them all.

But, alas! the voice of the great city bell is drowned by that of all the little bells in the neighborhood. "Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart—little dogs and all"—bark at it. But besides the weakness of its voice, it sounds very much like an old iron kettle. Indeed we understand a good lady, who lives in the neighborhood of the Park, when it first began to strike the other day, actually mistook it for one of her own kettles in the kitchen.

"There!" exclaimed she—"there's another kettle broke. That girl will absolutely ruin me, if I keep her a day longer. Here, Betty! what's that racket among the pots and kettles?"

"Racket, ma'am! I'm sure I ha'n't touched 'em."

"Hant touched 'em!"

"No ma'am."

"You lying jade, you! Didnt I just hear you let the pot fall upon the kettle? tell me that."

"Oh, la, ma'am! that was the new city clock you heard."

"The city clock! Of all the impudence that ever I heard—Betty! Betty! dont tell another such—"

"It's as true as I'm alive, ma'am—I'll leave it to Phelim if it aint."

"Dont lie any more now, Betty, dont. Here, Phelim!"

"Coming."

"Was that the new city clock that made such a noise just now, like an old iron kettle?"

"I wonder if it wasnt now."

"But was it, I ask you?"

"Indade it was, ma'am."

"There, I told you so."

"Hold your tongue, Betty. You've made up a story between yourselves in order to deceive me, and cover your own mischief. Now tell me honestly, Phelim, as if you was going to confession, was that really the city clock?"

"By the soul of St. Patrick, and by all the snakes—bad luck to 'em—that be carried out of Ireland in a bag, so that they never found their way back again at all, at all, every one on 'em—it's the real truth I'm tellin ye."

"Well, if that's the great city clock they've been talking to much about for six months past, they might as well hang an iron kettle upon a lamp-post, and set a scavenger to striking it with the heel of his hoe."

"I'll be bound yer ladyship's tongue could spake louder nor the bell."

"Phelim, go to your work."

"I'm gone."

MURDER—RELIGIOUS MANIA. One Stephen Miller, of Canaan, Conn. last week killed his two children and attempted the life of his wife, under the impression that they were possessed with the devil, and that he was thus taking the most effectual means of driving him out. He was an industrious man, kind and affectionate to his family, and highly respected by his neighbors; but had lately attended a four days' meeting, and taken great interest in the religious excitement of the neighborhood.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT. The members of the Medical Society of this city have voted to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, as a token of respect to the late *Dr. Mitchell*. They have also voted an eulogy to the deceased, and appointed *Dr. Felix Pascalis* to deliver it.

PARK THEATRE.

From our station in the Pit.

Having paid for our admittance, as every independent editor must, we can speak the truth without the fear of consequences. The *free list*, however comfortable to the pocket, is exceedingly apt to enslave the pen. How can an editor tell a disagreeable truth, when he is indebted to the Manager for the very seat he occupies, or the very floor he stands on? It is neither polite nor grateful. It is much as if a guest, invited to a dinner, should say to the host—Sir, your dinner is infernal bad—your beef is lean—your fowls are tough—your wine is sour—your cooks know nothing of cookery—and your waiters are a parcel of insolent knaves.—But here the host might retort—*I am excessively sorry, sir, that my entertainment does not please you. But as I charge you nothing for it, you might methinks have more civility than to speak evil of it to my very face and before all my guests. However, sir, you are at perfect liberty to eat your dinners where you can get them.*

The case of a man who pays for his entertainment is quite different. He may find as much fault as he pleases. He may scold the cooks, damn the waiters, and swear at the landlord himself. He pays his bill, and therefore is under no restraint from circumstances of indebtedness or obligation of any kind. He does not come to the table "free gratis," and therefore he feels the more free to speak his mind.

So it is with an editor who is independent of the free list; who pays for his ticket in hard-earned cash, instead of soft soothing flattery; and who dares have an eye to the defects as well as the beauties of a theatrical performance.

The pit we have chosen for several reasons. In the first place, it is more agreeable to our finances to pay fifty cents than a hundred. In the second place, it is most convenient for seeing and hearing—the vulgar cracking of peanuts in the pit being less annoying than the genteel talking in the boxes. In the third and last place, it is the legitimate station of the critic. For ages has the critic sat in the pit. There is doubtless a something—we know not what—about the pit peculiarly favorable to nice discrimination in matters of taste; and enables the writer with the most critical acumen to detect the least departure in the performers from that accuracy which those who pay their money have a right to demand.

Having taken this station, it must go hard if any fault escape us, from the ranting tragedian who tears a passion to tatters, to the over-acting comedian who loses sight of his author in his own impudent conceits and low buffoneries. It must go hard if the faults of either of Manager or of managed escape us; and if they be not set down in such colors as their own shades may properly require. The truth is our object.

But before we proceed to general matters, perhaps it may be well to draw a few particular portraits. And, as first in place, we will begin with Mr. — but our limits this week will not admit of a full length—and we do not wish to leave the picture in an unfinished state, lest some wag (not having the fear of the stage before his eyes) should in the interval take it into his head to finish it in a manner little creditable to the subject, and thus the original should sustain some possible detriment.

TRIAL OF THE REV. DR. BULLIONS. We have before us a pamphlet of some 45 Octavo pages—published by William Stodart of this city—containing a history of the Trial of the Rev. Alexander Bullions, D. D. before the Associates Presbytery of Cambridge, and before the Synod of North America at Philadelphia—on various charges of lying, insubordination, wresting the scriptures, &c., preferred against him by two students of divinity, of whom he had the charge. The Rev. Doctor, like pure *bullion*, though condemned by the Cambridge presbytery, came out clear on his appeal to the Synod with the single exception of the crime of insubordination, for which the court ecclesiastic voted to *rebuke* him, and he was rebuked accordingly. The author of the pamphlet hints that there was a lady behind the curtain; and that the insensibility of the Professor's daughter to the attractions of one of the students, was the primary cause of accusing the papa.

RUPTURE WORT. A writer in the Daily Advertiser recommends an herb, which he calls *rupture wort*, as an infallible remedy for Diarrhoea, dysentery, &c. We wonder if this is the same *yarb* lately operating at Washington? If so, whatever it may do with the human body, it produces very uncomfortable effects upon the body politic.

A SHORT MEDICAL TREATISE.

Diseases may properly be divided into three classes:—

- 1st. Those which nature will cure, if left to her own resources.
- 2d. Those which nature cannot cure without the aid of the physician. And
- 3d. Those which will kill the patient in spite of nature and the doctor both.

The second class then, as will be readily perceived, is the principal subject of medicine. The cure of the first, however, may be hastened; and the pains of the third palliated, and even death retarded, by the aid of the physician.

FATAL DUEL. The St. Louis (Missouri) Times contains an account of the fall of Major Biddle and the Hon. Spencer Pettis in the most deliberately bloody duel we ever heard of. They fought at the distance of only five feet! Major Biddle was shot in the abdomen, the ball lodging within; and Pettis, through the side. The former survived three days—the latter died the day following. Pettis gave the challenge; and the distance of five feet was fixed upon by Major Biddle, it is said, on account of his being near-sighted. But this, if the ostensible, could not have been the true reason; few persons are so near-sighted that they cannot see a man at the distance of eight or ten paces; and, besides, the defect of vision can be easily remedied by glasses. The Major seems to have acted on the bravado principle of the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, who being challenged to a duel, was found sitting on one end of a barrel of powder with a lighted match in his hand; and coolly proposed to his antagonist to occupy the other end, while he should apply the match to the bung hole. But his antagonist, less courageous than Pettis, backed out; and the admiral saved both his life, and his credit for courage.

Pettis was the newly elected Member of Congress; and the duel originated out a newspaper warfare. Major Biddle had distinguished himself in the last war, was a gentleman of fine talents, and very highly respected.

JEWELS IN THE EAR. We are apt to laugh at savages for wearing jewels in their noses. But we every day see females in civilized society, with nois, rings, drops, pendants, and other ornaments in their ears. Now which can boast the greater refinement of taste—the savage or the fashionable lady? Do not trinkets show to quite as good advantage dangling from the nose as the ear? The nose is certainly the more prominent member, and deserving of as much regard as the ear.

The truth is, that the wearing of jewels is a relic of barbarous taste; all savages are excessively fond of ornament; and the preference given to the ear over the nose rather marks the difference, than the improvement, of taste.

LIFE OF BURNS. We have already mentioned the Life of Robert Burns, written by Lockhart, and republished in this city by William Stodart. We understand it meets with a very good sale, as a work of so interesting a nature deserves. We are particularly pleased to see that the binding, which in a small part of the edition was rather faulty, is very well executed in the remainder—a circumstance which will be no detriment to the sale.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We beg that all manner of persons whatsoever, that favor us with their communications, will write them in a legible hand; or, if they cannot afford that, will deign to employ such words as are commonly to be met with in English authors—so that, if we cannot read their communications, we may at least make a tolerable guess at what they should be; otherwise they must not grumble at their being "misprinted."

We shall be pleased to hear again from "M. C."

For the Constellation.

WALKING.

"On the Rhine every night I take
My evening walk of meditation." *Goethe.*

Not a year of my threescore and ten is accomplished, nor a furrow added to my brow, without impressing on my mind more forcibly the truth and spirit of Pope's most philosophic though backslid line,—

"The deeper study of mankind, is man."

I stand apart from my fellow men, and like honest Burton observe that all are mad—and I, not the least so among them: but while I laugh with Democritus at their foolish and ludicrous deviations, I also weep with Heraclitus, because it is their misfortune to be thus short-sighted, and mine to be unable to serve them as I could wish. If there is any thing in all the earth that can excite my wonder—and I have almost ceased to wonder at any thing, though one retrospective glance

shows more defects on memory's string than prince Le Boo ever tied—it is the folly men exhibit in their searchings after happiness. Bubble after bubble they pursue, and from the vigor they evince in chase of the last, one would be led to conclude they had never been disappointed. How much unhappiness they might be spared, and how much gratification be put in possession of, if instead of irritating their minds in pursuit of uncertain pleasures, they would calmly enjoy those which lie immediately in their way! Nature has been no niggard in her gifts: her rich and boundless stores are spread for our enjoyment over every hill and every vale—in the stormy voice of the ocean, and the gentle whispering of the rivulet; and he who will trust his happiness to her keeping, shall have no cause to repent; but, acknowledging "the uses of adversity," shall

"Find tongue in trees, looks in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Of all the pleasures of this world, I recollect none that has been more the object of prejudice, more talked of, and less generally understood, than walking. I am spending the present season in one of Beauty's most charming retreats, where every inch of prospect gladdens the eye, and every note of sound the ear; where every inhabitant is accomplished, hospitable, and kind; and on every subject (save this) intelligent. I have been seriously asked by one lady if I had the dyspepsy? and by another, what occupation I could be employed in, that induced the necessity of such horrid labor. In fact it seems as if walking to them was but another name for hunger, thirst, perspiration, dust and fatigue. But notwithstanding all this, I would not have been led to a defence of my favorite exercise, had it not been for the vile opinion expressed concerning it by Mr. Bulwer in his "disowned." That the popular writer I have just quoted should be attached to equestrian pleasures, or that he should even prefer them to the pedestrian, is not at all surprising; but that he should so vilify the only faculty that serves to distinguish the animal from the vegetable, for the purpose of elevating jockeyism in the world's opinion, is sheer ingratitude to Nature for her favors to say the least of it, and not at all in accordance with the spirit of philanthropy that almost invariably obtains throughout his writings. This is no groundless complaint; for what can be more unkind or deleterious than an attempt to deprive the world of an innocent and delightful recreation, for which, too, the majority have no substitute, and the minority but a poor one? However, Mr. Bulwer should be the more readily pardoned in consideration of the good deeds he has otherwise attempted to perform: but I sincerely hope that writers, who possess the power of governing the taste of the public, will be cautious for the future how they suffer enthusiasm for one subject, to lead them to degrade another.

The main cause of the prejudice against walking arises, I think, from an unfortunate misunderstanding of its pleasures. One man, for instance, having the exercise recommended him, rises at four o'clock of a sultry morning, walks five or six miles through fog, dust and dew with the velocity of a rail-road car, until every garment is dripping with perspiration, and Nature sinks exhausted by exertions to which she is unaccustomed. He of course is disgusted, and if he can afford it rides in a coach ever after. Another, who never found "society where none intrudes," and would have to "whistle as he went, for lack of thought," assembles a company as brainless as himself, and at some August noon, ascends an arduous mountain, on whose sun-burnt summit—to enable Nature to sustain a burden to which unassisted she is unequal—he administers the most luxurious viands, and delirious wines. It needs no physician to prognosticate a consequent depression, and most unfeigned repentance.

But he, who would taste in its fullness earth's least alloyed pleasure, should first be immured during the fair summer months within a city's glowing walls. Here he should toil from morn till eve, inspiring air that had been enriched by effluvia from decaying animal and vegetable matter and inspired a thousand times before. He should be forced to seek for coolness in a theatre on a benefit night, in a steam-boat excursion, or in the crowd of Castle Garden during a balloon ascension. Every friend to whom it might be some consolation to complain, should be enjoying a cool bath at the sea-shore or luxuriating at the springs; and each morning after an hour's dozing in spite of musketoes, our candidate for enjoyment should hear of their comfort. So when a returning summer reminded him of his former sufferings, he might leave the unsatisfying joys of ambition and wealth, and revel "on the lap of earth."

I am not surprised at all that those who rise ear-

ly in the morning for walking, seldom enjoy the poetry of it; because they who can pursue walking as a means of happiness, are seldom by habit early risers; and no one, unless his constitution be of iron, can burst with impunity from the bonds which have straightened him since childhood. I am not an early riser—never was an early riser—and unless impelled by the most absolute necessity, never will be. Yet are few men taller, more healthy, or in possession of a better stock of animal spirits. I recollect, though not without a disagreeable sensation, that about the time the Journal of Health was issued,* I made one among the number of gullees who imagined that instant precautions against insidious disease were necessary, and really had the hardihood for fear of dyspepsy, though I could eat as much as any man of my inches, to rise one morning half an hour, certainly twenty minutes, before the sun! In the first emotions of my wrath at being aroused, I let off a terrible denunciation at the servant who was kind enough to take upon himself the thankless office. I started forth on my walk, angry with myself for having acted unjustly. I would not put my boots on, because I had been so advised,—got my slippers soaked with walking on the grass, and, in avoiding that, had both slippers and stockings covered with dust. Met as great a fool as myself in the person of a friend, and lost his acquaintance by being uncivil, which of course had no tendency to put me in a good humour. Then the sun rose, but—

"—Shorn of his beams,
He looked through the horizontal misty air,"

and scowled on me for intruding on him while en *deshabille*. I tried, as is recommended, to be poetical; but I could only compare his present sleepy appearance with his glorious setting the night before. I arrived home just after breakfast, felt sick, tried to drink a cup of cold coffee, and could not look a friend in the face for a week afterwards. I long to rail somewhat more against early rising—to disprove the old maxim, "early to bed, early to rise, &c."—to show that he who goes to bed with the brute creation, and rises at day-break, will not only be very ill-natured all the morning, but will think less of the beauties of nature than of his breakfast, &c. &c. but my essay is on walking, so to my subject.

To enjoy the philosophy of walking, so to speak, a man must either walk alone, or with only one friend. If I wish for company I can stay at home, or with very little exertion visit my neighbors.—

What poet, or other admirer of nature, ever wrote of pleasant walks with a dozen companions? It is true we hear of Maying parties, and, in yankee land, of nutting parties, and things of that sort; but who ever dreamed they went otherwise than in pairs? I never read of a pleasant walk in my life that was not performed in either of these two ways, from Adam's first walk round paradise alone, and subsequently with Eve, to the time when all creation marched double file into the Ark. I will confess however, to be candid with thee, reader, that I have heard a certain movement spoken of very highly, which has been termed "walking a cotillion," but I think, with all due deference to the gentle sex, who, I am given to understand, affect it highly—that the motion here alluded to, might with quite as much propriety be called *rolling*, and consequently I shall not include it in the consideration of my subject. And for a similar reason I shall leave out that species of locomotion practised on the sunny sides of famous streets, in public gardens, fashionable squares, or steam-boats, &c. &c. *videlicet*, promenading.

For myself I generally walk alone. I rise at half-past six o'clock in summer, take my coffee as soon as I leave my chamber, and feel tolerably good-humored for the rest of the day. After breakfast I usually amuse myself an hour or so with my pipe, and as I am economical of time, I either stir about the house for the news of the morning, or step into the room of my kind friend, Senior Orpheus, who is always ready to play me an air or two. This either furnishing me with new food for reflection, or that recalling old associations, I seize my hat and sally forth to hark to reason and feast with fancy in their pleasant haunts by the woodland stream. Here I repose myself during the heat of the day, moralizing as I am able, thinking on the wrongs I have suffered, till I determine to wrong no one in the same manner; and of the pleasures I have experienced, until I resolve to bestow, to the extent of my power, the same on other beings. And when I have employed myself in this manner, I seldom go forth from the quiet woods, without finding that a walk

"—hath power to make
The heart a holier and a happier thing."

* Our correspondent probably means first issued—for the Journal of Health is issued still—[Eds.]

After tea my friend—but I will make you acquainted with him, gentle reader. Democritus Upsilon—there was a considerable controversy about his name, but the village pedagogue who stood god-father at the christening, insisted on the above on account of his infant laughter when he first visited our earth—Upsilon, then, by way of abbreviation called Upi, is not so tall as I, but when we take into consideration that he was necessitated to rise before sunrise during his four years of college life, it is not much to be wondered at. "He is a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and when I hearken to his merriest of all exclamations, I remember with reverence the "deep-judging sage" whose prophetic mind bestowed the cognomen of Democritus upon him. And here he sits beside me, lost in the marvellous adventures of Peter Wilkins. We have just returned from our diurnal evening walk

"O'er Elanor's shady strand."

beside the mighty Hudson, have seen the sun ascend in all his glory, and watched the mellow twilight's departure as she wooed onward "nights' star-gemmed cone." There exists between us a tacit agreement not to converse during our walks, and if aught is spoken, it is but to express with one epithet the rapture that is felt. Thus viewing together in our walks the varied charms of nature, and in our retirement expatiating upon them, our opinions, habits, and manners are softened into union, and "all our thoughts and sympathies made one."

But chiefly I would walk alone. I feel that our object on earth is to search for happiness—it is our only instinct, our only innate idea—and dearly have I purchased of experience the fearful, bitter truth, that if I would find it, it must be in the recesses of my own heart. When the holy calm of poesy and beauty is resting on my soul, I have found that even the kindly breath of friendship may strike a jarring string. It hath oftentimes seemed to me, though I may be mistaken in my whole hypothesis, that our situation is like Noah's Ark on "the vasty deep," insulated and deprived of that entire intercourse of sympathy, which only can be sweet. Often in early youth, and seldom as years grow upon us, we send forth our warm feelings, as messengers towards every apparent brother, but like the lorn dove, that found no rest, they as often return, and bear to us instead of the beautiful symbol of peace, disappointment, suspicion and wretchedness. And yet we often see that, which leads us to ask with Shelley,

"—are we not formed as notes of music are
For one another, though dissimilar,
Such difference without discord, as can make
These sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air?"

We peruse the similar complaints of thousands, we feel that other's bosoms must possess chords that would harmonize with ours—yet who, save the young, the inexperienced, and the undecieved of hope, would trust to such assurance?—No! it is in vain that we would understand each other: the curse of Babel is upon us; our language is confounded; and the all-wise Disposer will not suffer us to ascend by a second cabal to heaven and happiness. And this is for our advantage. If we found the partial bliss we might expect on earth, independent of God, would we think of him during the few short years it lasted? But as things are, when gold turns to leaves in the hand, and fruit to ashes on the lips, we turn instinctively with wearied and broken hearts to a pardoning Creator, and accept on his own terms the gift so long held out in vain.

Gentle reader, who hast kindly followed me to the end of my wanderings, let me bespeak thy indulgence. I did intend to give thee a treatise on walking, but alas! what can he do who is governed by a despotic pen! I have performed however what only remained: I have made thee the companion of my walks, and if thou hast found them tedious, I can only say they were pleasant to me. If I have not considered Somnambulism, Race-walking, etc., my reasons must appear obvious; for how can he, who looks upon the subject only as a rational amusement, be led to discourse of each separate abuse to which it may be liable! Concerning the first—Somnambulism—I must confess my ignorance, though if I might be allowed to suggest an opinion, I should think those only liable to such an unnatural disease, whose minds have been burdened over night with a resolution of rising early in the morning. For the second—Race-walking—I feel too indignant to honor its professors with my notice, and shall leave it with others of the same stamp, as lounging, shuffling, tripping, sitting, slirling and the like, to those who have taken upon themselves the care of the public morals. This is all for the present; kind reader—farewell!

J. F. S.

Highland Grove, Sept. 1831.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

CURIOSITY BAFFLED.

BROOK WATSON was born of humble parentage, in the province of Maine, and in that part of it more appropriately known as Sagadahoc. History has not conveyed to us the incidents of his childhood. As he met with extraordinary success in life, we presume he was pretty soundly drubbed by the school-master and the older boys. He probably ran about bare-footed in summer, and in winter, wore old woollen stockings, with the feet cut off, under the name of leggings, to keep out snow-water. We imagine he got on the rafts of the lumber-men, and learned to swim, by being knocked off as a mischief-maker, into the river. We think it likely he occasionally sat up, of a moonshiny night, to watch the bears, as they came down to reconnoitre the pig-stye; and we have little doubt that, before he was eleven years old, he had gone cabin boy to Jamaica, with a cargo of pine boards and timber. But of all this we know nothing. It is enough for our story, that, at the age of twenty, Brook Watson was a stout athletic young man, sailing out of the port of New-York to the West-Indies.

The Yankees knew the way to the West-Indies a good while ago; they knew more ways than one. Their coasting vessels knew the way, without quadrant or Practical Navigator. Their skippers kept their reckoning with chalk, on a shingle, which they stowed away in the binnacle; and by way of observation, they held up a hand to the sun. When they got him over four fingers, they knew they were straight for the Hole-in-the-wall; three fingers gave them their course to the Double-headed-shot Keys, and two carried them down to Barbadoes. This was one way, and when the Monsieurs and the Dons at Martinico and the Havana heard the old New-England drums thumping away under the very teeth of their batteries, they understood to their cost, that the Yankees had another way of working their passage. But Brook Watson went to the Havana in the way of trade. He went as second mate of the Royal Consort, a fine topsail schooner of one hundred and fifteen tons; and whether he had any personal venture in the mules, butter, cheese, cod-fish, and shooks, which she took out, is more than history has recorded. Captain Basil Hall says the Americans are too apt to talk about the weather. But in the tropics, in the month of July, on board a small ship, without a breath stirring, Captain, it is hot;—you have been a sailor yourself, and you ought to know it. It was very hot on board the Royal Consort, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of July, 1775. There was not the slightest movement in the air; the rays of the sun seemed to burn down in the water. Silence took hold of the animated creation. It was too hot to talk, whistle or sing; to bark, to crow, or to bray. Every thing crept under cover, but Sambo and Cuffee, two fine looking blacks, who sat sunning themselves on the quay, and thought "him berry pleasant wedder," and glistened like a new Bristol bottle.

Brook Watson was fond of the water; he was not web-footed, nor was he branchionstegous; (there's for you, see Noah Webster;) but were he asked whether he felt most at home on land or in water, he would have found it hard to tell. He had probably swum the Kennebec, where it was as wide and deep as the Hellespont between Sostas and Abydos, at least once a day, for five months in the year, ever since he was eleven years old, without Lord Byron's precaution of a boat in company, to pick him up in case of need. As his Lordship seemed desirous of imitating Leander, honesty ought, we think, to have suggested to him, to go without the boat. At all events, that was Brook Watson's way; and we have no doubt, had he been in a boat, with a head wind, he would have sprung into the river in order to get across the sooner. With this taste for the water, and with the weather so oppressive as we have described it on the present occasion, it is not to be wondered at, that Brook Watson should have turned his thoughts for refreshment, to a change of element; in other words, that he should have resolved to bathe himself in the sea.

Such was the fact. About six o'clock in the afternoon, when every other being on board the ship had crept away into the cabin or fore-castle, to enjoy a *siesta*, Brook, who had been sweltering, and panting, and thinking of the banks of the Kennebec, till his stout gay heart felt like a great ball of lead within him, tripped up on deck, dropped his loose clothing, and was over the side of the vessel in an instant. This was Brook's first voyage to the West Indies, since he had grown up; and the first day after his arrival. He was one of that class of mankind not bred to books; and, consequently, in the way of learning wisdom only by experience. What you

earn by experience, you learn pretty thoroughly, but at the same time, occasionally, much to your cost. Thus by chopping off a couple of fingers with a broad axe, you learn, by experience, not to play with edge tools. Brook Watson's experience in bathing had hitherto been confined to the Kennebec; a noble, broad, civil stream, harboring nothing within its gentle waters more terrible than a porpoise. The sea-serpent had not yet appeared. Brook Watson had certainly heard of sharks, but at the moment of forming the resolution to bathe, it had entirely escaped his mind, if it had ever entered it, that the West India seas were full of them; and so over he went, with a fearless plunge.

Sambo and Cuffee, as we have said, were sitting on the quay, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and making their evening repast of banana, when they heard the plunge into the water by the side of the Royal Consort, and presently saw Brook Watson emerging from the deep, his hands to his eyes, to free them from the brine, balancing up and down, spluttering the water from his mouth, and then throwing himself forward, hand over hand, as if at length he really felt himself in his element.

"Oh, Massa Bucker," roared out Sambo, as soon as he could recover his astonishment enough to speak, O Senor; he white man never go to swim; O, de tuburon; he berry bad bite, come lamar—de shark; he hab berry big mou; he estee Senor all up down!"

Such was the exclamation of Sambo, in the best English he had been able to pick up, in a few years service, in unlading the American vessels that came to the Havana. It was intended to apprise the bold but inexperienced stranger, that the waters were filled with sharks, and that it was dangerous to swim in them. The words were scarcely uttered, and even if they were heard, had not time to produce their effect, when Cuffee responded to the exclamation of his sable colleague, with—

"O, Madre de Dios, see, see, de tuburon, de shark;—ah San Salvador; ah pobre joven! matar, todo comer, he eat him all down, berry soon!"

This second cry had been drawn from the kind-hearted negro, by seeing, at a distance, in the water, a smooth shooting streak, which an inexperienced eye would not have noticed, but which Sambo and Cuffee knew full well. It was the wake of a shark. At the distance of a mile or two, the shark had perceived his prey; and with the rapidity of sound he had shot across the intervening space, scarcely disturbing the surface with a ripple. Cuffee's practised eye alone had seen a flash of his tail, at the distance of a mile and a half; and raising his voice to the utmost of his strength, he had endeavored to apprise the incautious swimmer of his danger. Brook heard the shout, and turned his eye in the direction in which the negro pointed; and well skilled in all the appearances of the water, under which he could see almost as well as in the open air, he perceived the sharp forehead of the fearful animal rushing towards him, head on, with a rapidity which bade defiance to flight. Had he been armed with a knife, or even a stick, he would not have feared the encounter; but would have coolly waited his chance, like the negroes of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, and plunged his weapon into the opening maw of the ravenous animal. But he was wholly naked and defenceless. Every one on board the Royal Consort was asleep; and it was in vain to look for aid from that quarter. He cast a glance, in his extremity, to Sambo and Cuffee; and saw them, with prompt benevolence, throw themselves into a boat, to rescue him; but meantime the hungry enemy was rushing on.

Brook thought of the Kennebec; he thought of its green banks and its pleasant islands. He thought of the tall trunks of the pine trees, seated with fire, which stood, the grim sentinels of the forest, over the roof where he was born. He thought of the log school-house. He thought of his little brothers and sisters, and of his mother; and there was another image that passed through his mind, and almost melted into cowardice his manly throbbing heart. He thought of Mary Atwood, and—but he had to think of himself. For though these tumultuous emotions and a thousand others rushed through his mind in a moment, crowding that one moment with a long duration of suffering; yet in the same fleet moment, the dreadful monster had shot across the entire space that separated him from Brook; and had stopped, as if its vitality had been instantly arrested, at the distance of about twelve feet from our swimmer. Brook had drawn himself up in the most pugnacious attitude possible; and was treading water with great activity. The shark, probably unused to any signs of making battle, remained, for one moment, quiet; and then, like a flash of lightning, shot sideling off, and came round in the rear.—

Brook, however, was as wide awake as his enemy. If he had not dealt with sharks before, he knew something of the ways of bears and catamounts; and contriving himself to get round, about as soon as the shark, he still presented a bold front to the foe.

But a human creature, after all, is out of his element in the water; and he fights with a shark, to about the same disadvantage as the shark himself, when dragged up on deck, fights with a man. He flounders and flings round, and makes formidable battle with his tail and maw; but he is soon obliged to yield. The near approach to a fine plump healthy Yankee was too much for the impatience of our shark. The plashing of the oars of Sambo and Cuffee, warned the sagacious monster of gathering foes. Whirling himself over on his back, and turning up his long white belly, and opening his terrific jaws, set round with a double row of broad serrated teeth, the whole roof of his mouth paved with horrent fangs, all standing erect, sharp, and rigid, just permitting the blood-bright red to be seen between their roots, he darted toward Brook. Brook's self-possession stood by him in this trying moment. He knew very well if the animal reached him in a vital part, that instant death was his fate; and with a rapid movement, either of instinct or calculation, he threw himself backward, kicking at the same moment at the shark. In consequence of this movement, his foot and leg passed into the horrid maw of the dreadful monster, and were severed in a moment—muscles, sinews, and bone. In the next moment, Sambo and Cuffee were at his side; and lifting him into the boat, convulsed with pain, and fainting with loss of blood. The Royal Consort was near, and the alarm was speedily given.—Brook was taken on board; the vessel's company was roused; bandages and styptics were applied; surgical advice was obtained from the shore, and in due season the hearty and sound-constituted youth recovered.

The place of his lost limb was supplied by a wooden one; and industry, temperance, probity and zeal, supplied the place of a regiment of legs, when employed to prop up a lazy and dissipated frame. The manly virtues of our hero found their reward; his sufferings were crowned with a rich indemnity. He rose from one step to another of prosperity. Increased means opened a wider sphere of activity and usefulness. He was extensively engaged in public contracts, which he fulfilled to the advantage of the government, as well as his own;—a thing rare enough among contracting bipeds. From a contractor, he became a commissary, and from commissary, Lord Mayor of London.

Behold our hero now, at the head of the magistracy of the metropolis of the British empire, displaying, in this exalted station, the virtues which had raised him to it from humble life; and combating the monsters of vice and corruption, which infest the metropolis, as boldly as he withstood the monster of the deep, and with greater success.—All classes of his Majesty's subjects, who had occasion to approach him, enjoyed the benefit of his civic qualities; and his fame spread far and wide through Great Britain. Nor was it confined, as may well be supposed, to the British isles. The North-American colonies were proud of their fellow-citizen, who, from poverty and obscurity, had reached the Lord Mayor's chair. The ambitious mother quoted him to her emulous offspring. The thrifty merchant at Boston, would send a quintal of the best Isle-of-Shoals, as a present to his worship; and once, on the annual election day, the reverend gentleman, who officiated on the occasion, in commenting on the happy auspices of the day, (it was just after the receipt of a large sum of money from England, on account of the expenses of the colony in the old war,) included among them, that a son of New-England had been entrusted with the high and responsible duties of the Chief Magistracy of the metropolis of his majesty's dominions.

It may well be supposed, that the Americans who went home (as it was called, even in the case of those who were born and bred in the colonies) were very fond of seeking the acquaintance of Sir Brook Watson, for knighthood had followed in the train of his other honors. Greatly to the credit of his worship, he uniformly received them with kindness and cordiality, and instead of shunning whatever recalled his humble origin, he paid particular attention to every one that came from Sagadahoc. There was but a single point in his history and condition, on which he evinced the least sensitiveness, and this was the painful occurrence, which had deprived him of his limb. Regret at this severe loss; a vivid recollection of the agony which had accompanied it; and probably no little annoyance at the incessant interrogatories to which it had exposed him through life, and the

constant repetition to which it had driven him of all the details of this event, had unitedly made it a very sore subject with him. He at length ceased himself to allude to it, and his friends perceived, by the brevity of his answers, that it was a topic on which he wished to be spared.

Among the Americans who obtained an introduction to his worship in London, were Asabel Ferret and Richard Tasewell, shrewd Yankees, who had found their way over to England, with a machine for dressing flax. They had obtained a letter of recommendation from a merchant in Boston to Sir Brook. They had no reason to murmur at their reception.—They were invited to dine with his lordship, and treated with hearty hospitality and friendship. The dinner passed rather silently away, but with no neglect of the main end of the dinner. Our Yankee visitors did full justice to his worship's bountiful fare. They found his mutton fine; his strong beer genuine (as they called it;) and his wine most extraordinary good; and as the bottle circulated, the slight repression of spirits, under which they commenced, passed off. They became proportionally inquisitive, and opened upon their countrymen a full battery of questions. They began with the articles that formed the dessert; and asked whether his lordship's peaches were raised in his lordship's own garden. When told they were not, they made so bold as to inquire, whether they were a present to his lordship or boughten. The mayor having answered that they came from the market,—"might they presume to ask how much they had cost?" They were curious to be informed whether the silver gilt spoons were solid metal;—how many little ones his worship had; what meeting he went to, and whether his lordship had ever heard Mr. Whitfield preach; and if he did not think him a fine speaker. They were anxious to know, whether his lordship went to see his Majesty socially now, as you would run in and out at a neighbor's; whether her majesty was a comely personable woman, and whether it was true, that the prince was left-handed, and the princess peck-marked. They inquired what his lordship was worth; how much he got as lord mayor; and whether her ladyship had not something handsome of her own. They were anxious to know, what his worship would turn his hand to, when he had done being lord mayor; how old he was; whether he did not mean to go back and live in America; and whether it was not very pleasant to his lordship, to meet a country man from New-England. To all these questions and a great many more, equally searching and to the point, his lordship answered good-humorously; sometimes evasively, but never impatiently. He perceived, however, that the appetite of their curiosity grew, from what it fed on; and that it would be as wise in him to hope for respite on their being satisfied, as it was in the rustic to wait for the river to run out.

These sturdy questioners had received a hint, that his lordship was rather sensitive, on the subject of his limb, and not fond of having it alluded to. This, of course, served no other purpose, than that of imparting to them an intense desire to know every thing about it. They had never heard by what accident his lordship had met this misfortune; as indeed the delicacy which had for years been observed on the subject, in the circle of his friends, had prevented the singular circumstances, which in early youth deprived him of his leg, from being generally known. It was surmised by some, that he had broken it by a fall on the ice, in crossing the Kennebec in the winter. Others affirmed, of their certain knowledge, that he was crushed in a raft of timber; and a third had heard a brother-in-law declare, that he stood by him, when it was shot off, before Quebec. In fact, many persons, not altogether as curious as our visitors, really wished they knew how his lordship lost his leg.

This prevailing mystery, the good humour with which his worship had answered their other questions, and the keen sting of curiosity wrought upon the visitors, till they were almost in a phrenzy. The volubility with which they put their other questions, arose, in part, from the flutter of desire to probe this hidden matter. They looked at his worship's wooden leg; at each other; at the carpet; at the ceiling; and finally, one of them, by way of a feeler asked his lordship, if he had seen the new model of a cork leg, contrived by Mr. Rivetshun, and highly commended in the papers. His lordship had not heard of it. Baffled in this, they asked his lordship, whether he supposed it was very painful to lose a limb, by a cannon ball or a grape shot. His worship really could not judge, he had never had that misfortune. They then inquired whether casualties did not frequently happen to lumberers on the Kennebec river. The mayor replied that the poor fellows did sometimes slip off a rolling log, and get drowned. "Were there not bad accidents in crossing the river

on the ice?" His lordship had heard of a wagon of produce that had been blown down upon the slippery surface of the ice, horses and all, as far as Merry Meeting Bay, when it was brought up by a shot from Fort Charles, which struck the wagon between perch and axle-tree and knocked it over; but his lordship pleasantly added, he believed it was an exaggeration.

Finding no possibility of getting the desired information by any indirect means, they began to draw their breath hard; to throw quick glances at each other and at his lordship's limb; and in a few moments one of them, with a peevish jerk of his head and compression of his lips, as much as to say, "I will know it or die," ventured to take the liberty to inquire, if he might presume so far, as to ask his lordship, by what accident he had been deprived of the valuable limb, which appeared to be wanting to his lordship's otherwise fine person.

His lordship was amused at the air and manner with which the question was put; like those of a raw lad who shuts his eye when taking aim with a gun. The displeasure he would otherwise have felt was turned into merriment; and he determined to sport with their unconscionable curiosity.

"Why, my friends," said he, "what good would it do you to be informed? How many questions have I already answered you this morning? You now ask how I lost my leg; if I answer you on that point, you will wish to know the when, and the wherefore; and instead of satisfying I shall only excite your curiosity."

"Oh no," they replied, "if his lordship would but condescend to answer them this one question, they would agree never to ask him another."

His lordship paused a moment, musing; and then added, with a smile, "But will you pledge yourselves to me to that effect?"

Oh, they were willing to lay themselves under any obligation; they would enter into bond not to trouble his lordship with any further question; they would forfeit a thousand pounds, if they did not keep their word.

"Done gentlemen," said his lordship, "I accept the condition—I will answer your question and take your bond never to put me another."

The affected mystery, the delay, and the near prospect of satisfying their own curiosity, rendered our visitors perfectly indifferent to the conditions, on which they were to obtain the object of their desire. His lordship rang for a clerk, to whom he briefly explained the case, directing him to draw up a bond, for the signature of his inquisitive countrymen.—The instrument was soon produced, and ran in the following terms.

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, of the town of Gossipbridge and county of Tolland, in his majesty's colony of Connecticut, in New-England, do hereby jointly and severally acknowledge ourselves firmly holden and bound to his worship, Sir Brook Watson, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs, and assigns, in the sum of one thousand pounds sterling; and we do hereby, for ourselves, our heirs and assigns, covenant and agree, to pay to his said worship, the present Lord Mayor of London to his heirs and assigns, the aforesaid sum of one thousand pounds sterling, when the same shall become due, according to the tenor of this obligation;—

And the condition of this obligation is such, that, whereas the aforesaid Ferret and Teasewell of the town and county, &c. and colony, &c. have signified to his aforesaid worship their strong desire, to be informed, apprised, instructed, told, made acquainted, satisfied, put at rest, and enlightened, how and in what manner his aforesaid worship became deprived, mutilated, maimed, curtailed, retrenched, damified, abated, amputated, or abridged in the article of his worship's right leg; and whereas his aforesaid worship, willing to gratify the laudable curiosity of the said Ferret and Teasewell; but desirous also to put some period, term, end, close, estoppel, and finish, to the numerous questions, queries, interrogatories, inquiries, demands, and examinations of the said Ferret and Teasewell; whereby his aforesaid worship hath been sorely teased, worried, wherretted, perplexed, annoyed, tormented, afflicted, soured, and discouraged; therefore to the end aforesaid, and in consideration of the premises aforesaid, his worship aforesaid, hath covenanted, consented, agreed, promised, contracted, stipulated, bargained, and doth, &c. with the said Ferret and Teasewell, &c. &c. to answer such question, as they, the said Ferret and Teasewell, shall put and propound to his said worship, in the premises, touching the manner, &c. &c. truly, and without guile, covin, fraud, or falsehood; and the said Ferret and Teasewell, also, do on their part,

covenant, consent, agree, promise, stipulate, and bargain with his aforesaid worship, and have, &c. that they will never propound, or put any farther or different question to his aforesaid worship, during the term of their natural lives;—And if the said Ferret and Teasewell, or either of them, contrary to the obligation of this bond, shall at any time hereafter, put or propound any farther or other, or different question to his said worship, they shall jointly and severally, forfeit and pay to his said worship, the sum aforesaid, of one thousand pounds, sterling money; and if, during the term of their natural lives, they shall utterly forbear, abstain, renounce, abandon, abjure, withhold neglect, and omit, to propound any such, other, or farther, or different question, to his aforesaid worship, then this bond shall be utterly null, void, and of no effect;—but otherwise in full force and validity.

Witness our hand and seal, this tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

ASAHIEL FERRET. (Seal.)

RICHARD TEASEWELL. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, and delivered,

in presence of

FRANCIS FAIRSERVICE.

SAMUEL SLYPLAY.

Middlesex, ss. 10th October, A. D. 1769. Then personally appeared before me, the said Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, and acknowledged the aforesaid obligation to be their free act and deed.

Attest. THOMAS TRUEMAN, Justice of the Peace.

Stamp, 3s."

The instrument was executed, handed to his worship, and deposited in his scrutoire.

"Now gentlemen," said he "I am ready for your question."

They paused a moment, from excess of excitement and anticipation. Their feelings were like those of Columbus, when he beheld a light from the American shores; like Dr. Franklin's, when he took the electric spark from the string of his kite.

"Your lordship then will please to inform us, how your lordship's limb was taken off?"

"It was BITTEN OFF!"

They started, as if they had taken a shock from an electric battery; the blood shot up in their temples; they stepped each a pace nearer to his lordship, and with staring eyes, gaping mouth, and with uplifted hands were about to pour out a volley of questions, "by whom, by what bitten; how, why, when?"

But his lordship smilingly put his forefingers to his lip, and then pointed to his scrutoire, where the bond was deposited.

They saw, for the first time in their lives, that they were taken in; and departed rather embarrassed and highly dissatisfied, with having passed an afternoon, in finding out that his lordship's leg was bitten off. This mode of losing a limb being one of very rare occurrence, their curiosity was rather increased than allayed by the information; and as they went down stairs, they were heard by the servants, muttering to each other, "Who do you 'spose bit off his leg?"

THE EVERLASTING TAPER.

Previous to the first Revolution in France, in the ancient town of Amiens, among other marvels and curiosities, the stranger was certain of being edified with a sight of the holy candle, or everlasting taper—which had burned for two centuries in a dim niche of the moss-grown church,—nowasting as the brilliance of a star—shedding forever the same pale light upon the antique and fretted ceiling, and on the half ruined, but still gorgeous altar, whence a thousand masses had gone up for the quiet sleeping of those, "whose places shall know them no more forever."

The stranger, while mingling with the crowd who on certain days were allowed to witness this miraculous taper might easily learn the story of its origin. From the corpulent monk to the lean and meagre artisan, all knew it by heart. It is an odd narration, and would figure well in an improved edition of the doings of Faust's Mephistopholes.

Two or three centuries ago there lived in the town a carpenter by the name of Christopher,—a hard working, but poverty stricken mechanic. Finding his utmost exertions inadequate to the support of himself and his family, he resolved— and there was a good deal of worldly wisdom in his resolution—to better his fortune in this life, even if by so doing he might incur the risk of faring somewhat worse in the next. Christopher who was a punctual attendant at church, had often heard his Pastor expatiate upon the exceeding power of the Arch Enemy of Man, and upon his

willingness and ability to reward with temporal riches those who yielded up to him the small matter of a mortgage of their souls. Christopher had toiled himself to a skeleton—starvation stared him in the face—and worse than all, a new quality had begun to develope itself in his character, in the shape of extreme laziness. He therefore upon mature deliberation concluded to open a sort of barter trade with the Enemy, and for the peace of his body hazard that of his soul. He accordingly prayed lustily for the presence of that being, from whose neighborhood all good Catholics and devout, ask deliverance. The Devil, whether engaged in other, and more profitable speculations, or from a presentiment of all luck, did not readily answer the diabolical petitions of the carpenter;—but tired at last with the continued importunities of Christopher he one evening made his appearance in the shape of a respectable-looking monk.

"What wouldst thou with me?" said the hairy Demon, "thou hast been long calling.—Speak, in what can I serve thee?"

"My Lord!" said Christopher bowing humbly, "I am told that your Lordship dispenses wealth at pleasure; and should be very greatly obliged to you for a small share of your favors."

"But what wilt thou give me?" interrupted the Devil.

"Alas—my Lord!" said Christopher laying his hand on his heart—"I am miserably poor."

There was a pathos in the manner and tones of Christopher which seemed to reach even the inexorable heart of Lucifer. "Well, well,"—said he, "there's no need of despondency—I'll give thee as much gold as thou desirest for thirty years—but after that time, having occasion for a carpenter to make some trifling repairs in my infernal palace, I shall come myself and conduct thee thither."

There was so much apparent candor and frankness in this proposition that Christopher without hesitation signed the contract; and the Infernal Bargainer made a spring up chimney and vanished. Christopher wished for a thousand pistoles and the sum was the next instant in his pockets—he continued his wishes and they were all gratified—never was Devil more punctual. In short Christopher began to believe that the sooty dignitary had been most maliciously belied and slandered—it absolutely pained his heart to hear him abused—and he even quarrelled with his good friend the Abbot, for handling his Satanic Generalship without gloves in one of his sermons.

One night—the fifteenth anniversary of his Satanic bargain, the now wealthy and highly respected Christopher was sitting in company with a large number of friends, enjoying a social chat amidst the clatter of glasses, and the pouring of wine. Chancing to send his servant for a particular and rare wine in his cellar, he was not a little surprised at the fellow's returning without it—and informing him that a large black man sat upon the cask desiring to speak with the master of the house. The nerves of Christopher shook for a moment—for he thought of his infernal customer—but resolving to prepare for the worst, and knowing that but half his lease had expired—he took the bond in his hand, and boldly sallied down stairs.

It was the Devil sure enough. There he sat sullenly on the wine cask—

"A towzy tyke, black, grim and large!"

He lifted his head as Christopher entered and scowled on him through his shaggy eye-brows like the glare of a comet through a thunder cloud.

"I am come for you," he said.

Christopher held out his bond and laughed—the Devil mocked him.

"You are mistaken—'tis but fifteen years as yet—the lease is but half out."

Again the Devil laughed, and a most infernal cacchination he made of it. "You are mistaken," he returned, "fifteen years of days and fifteen years of nights, make thirty years—according to my arithmetic. So prepare yourself."

It was in vain that Christopher remonstrated—the devil was inexorable. One request only the "all pitiless demon" granted. His victim was allowed a brief half hour to bid his friends farewell. With a heavy heart Christopher ascended, and told his friends of his misfortune.—All were for a moment struck dumb with grief, not for the loss of Christopher, but for the loss of his excellent wine and delicate viands. A plecthonic little friar at length advised Christopher to return to the demon and ask permission to live while the taper, which he held in his hand continued to burn. A drowning man will catch at straws, and Christopher obeyed. The demon for once was lenient, and like the cat playing with its victim he allowed the carpenter a momentary respite. Up came the wretched bargainer with his candle. The friar

seized it, with a sly wink of the eye, and plunged it into a basin of holy water. A virtue was forthwith imparted to the taper, which prevented its wasting; and Belzebub failed in his purpose—out-witted by a crafty monk—retired with a noise which shook the building like an Earthquake. The monk placed the taper in a niche of the church, where it burned on for ages. Christopher lived to a good old age—and died peaceably in his bed, leaving his immense estate to the convent of which the quick witted friar was a brother.

N. W. Why Review.

AN AMERICAN PIGEON ROOST.

It was in a portion of the forest, where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood; I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when the pigeons first made choice of it and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders.—Two farmers from the vicinity of Russellville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs which were to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there, the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds.

The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting place, like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, had been broken off at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Every thing proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest, must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing was ready, and all eyes were gazing upon the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'here they come.' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a head gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons arriving by thousands, alighted every where, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogheads were formed on the branches all around. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, falling to the ground destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest to me. Even the reports of the gun were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading. No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment.

The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me that he had heard it three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided, and long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise, all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howling of wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cangars, bear, raccoons, opossums and pole cats, were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil.

Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

A celebrated Irish Judge, in passing sentence on a thief who had been convicted of stealing a time piece in a dwelling house, said, "that in grasping at time, he had reached eternity."

Lord Peterborough, when at Rome, bowed to the statue of Jupiter wishing his Godship to remember, if he ever came into fashion again, that his Lordship had worshipped him in the days of his adversity.

IN PRESS.—McElrath & Sons have in press, and will shortly publish, the following work—*Writ's Patrick Henry*—Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry, by Wm. Writ, with the last corrections by the author. The work will be published in one beautiful octavo volume, large new type, with a portrait of Patrick Henry, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

Village Sermons, or sixty-five plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for families, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages, by George Burder.

Webster's Elementary Primer, or First Lessons for Children, being an introduction to the Elementary Spelling Book, by Noah Webster.

The Primer will be ready in a few weeks. One set of stereotype plates, with the privilege of publishing west of the Alleghany mountains for 14 years from the date of the copyright, will be sold, on good terms.

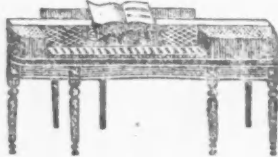
McELRATH & SONS,

Publishers, New-York.

Who have constantly for sale, an assortment of Historical, Theological, Philosophical, Medical, and school books. Country Merchants supplied with all kinds of school books, blank books and stationery, on the most reasonable terms. Sept. 20.

EXTRAORDINARY EDUCATION. 152 Nassau street, opposite City Hall, and 371 1-2 Grand, between Clinton and Suffolk-streets.

A new and most wonderful system ever invented. Success—9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10, evening. At Nassau street, 152, 2d story, opposite the City Hall, 4 days from Tenney Hall, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. At Grand street 371 1-2, between Clinton and Suffolk, (two lower rooms) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.



PIANO, GUITAR, and SINGING.—A new and thorough, yet easy system. Mr. G. WARD, many years a pupil of the first Music and Writing Masters, and 12 years Professor and Teacher with unparalleled success in various parts of the world, begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of New-York, that he has arranged a "Set of Exercises," originally selected from the best European and American works of merit, in so easy, pleasing, and naturally progressive order, as to remove all those difficulties and discouragements so generally felt and complained of, and make the scholar's progress the most rapid, thorough and interesting. Sept. 20.

MINERALS.—The subscriber receives constantly supplies of the most select and exquisite specimens of foreign and American Minerals, which he is now willing to dispose of, either in wholesale or single specimens. Professors or amateurs who wish to complete their collections in any branch of Natural History, and are not able to visit this city, are requested to communicate their desiderata by writing, and they may depend upon being served at as good a rate as if they were present, if they apply at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

Sept. 20. 377 Broadway.

ROWLAND'S MACASSA OIL.—Just received from England, a fresh supply of this superior genuine article, which is offered at wholesale and retail, in the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

Sept. 20. 377 Broadway.

THE EDINBURG TOOTHACHE PASTE.—This Paste is said to be used in Scotland with great success—and after having applied this once, the patient may be sure the pains will never return to the same tooth again. For sale at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. DEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

Sept. 20. 377 Broadway.

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.—The public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray-sts. May 28.

E. GIDNEY, DENTIST.—Having occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons as his successor, Mr. J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazer Parry, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist.

E. GIDNEY.
Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 24 Park Place.

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices. The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath-rooms, and render them entirely free of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health, and in cases that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz:

For a single Ticket, \$9 25
eight do. 1 50
four do. 5 00
100 do. viz. 40 gentle 7 10 00
men, 40 ladies, and 20 children, 10 00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he begs, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

WILLIAM M. THORP



DR. H. C. THORP'S CARMINANTIA, OR PANACEA, for the cure of Dyspepsia, disorders of the Liver, King's Evil, Rheumatism, Palsy, Ulcers, and all cases arising from impure blood; also for female complaints, and Fever and Ague; but more especially Syphilis, Mercurial, and a master piece for removing the Turbidity of the Lungs &c. This article can be obtained genuine only in this city at the store of the proprietor, 399 Broadway, corner of Walker street. When taken with soda water it is equally pleasant as any other syrup, and far exceeds the Sarsaparilla in its medicinal properties.

Certificates of some of our most respectable citizens accompany each bottle, and will show the public in what estimation it is held by those who have been restored to health by the use of this valuable medicine.

PERFUMRY AND FANCY ARTICLES.

257 HUDSON-STREET,

One door above Charlton-street.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a store at the above place, where he intends keeping a general assortment of Perfumry, Fancy Articles and Stationery.

W. APPELGATE,

257 Hudson-street.

W. A. continues his Printing Office at the same place. Sept. 3, 1831.

SPLENDID CAPITALS! \$50,000, 40,000, 30,000, 20,000, 10,000 shortly to be drawn, all of which may be obtained at **BIGNALL'S FORTUNATE OFFICE**, 141 Broadway, 35 Wall street, Jersey City or Hoboken. D. Bignall has the pleasure of presenting to his friends and patrons the following splendid schemes of Lotteries soon to be drawn, amounting to 2,000,000 dollars.

Aug. 27, Union Canal Lottery, class 17, 9 ballots, 5 prizes \$20,000.

Aug. 29, School fund, (R. I.) class 6, 9 ballots, 2 prizes \$6,000.

Aug. 31, N. York Consolidated Lottery, class 25, 10 ballots 4 prizes of \$15,000.

" " Virginia State Lottery, class 1, 9 ballots, 4 prizes of \$12,500

Sept. 2, Virginia State, Lottery all prizes, class 16, 8 ballots, 5 prizes of \$15,000

" 5, Rhode Island School fund, class 7, 9 ballots, 3 prizes, of \$10,000

" 6, Delaware and N. Carolina Lottery, class 17, 6 ballots, 4 prizes of \$10,000

" 7, N. Y. Consolidated Lottery, class 7, 9 ballots, 5 prizes of \$20,000

" 2, Virginia State, class 3, 9 ballots, 4 prizes of \$12,500

" 10, Union Canal Lottery, class 18, 9 ballots, 10 prizes of \$12,500

Tickets in all foreign Lotteries managed by Yates & McIntyre, may be had at Bignall's Lottery Office, Jersey City and Hoboken; all prizes sold at the above places or elsewhere, will be cashed at his prize office, 144 Broadway and 35 Wall st.

Orders inclosing the cash, or prize tickets, will meet with as prompt attention as if on personal application. Postage need not be paid. All information connected with Lotteries, will be given gratis at No. 144 Broadway, and 35 Wall st., where tickets in every variety of numbers in the N. Y. Lotteries may be obtained on liberal terms.

N. B. Bignall's Lottery Intelligencer, published weekly, will be forwarded gratis to those who order tickets at either of his offices.

SUPERIOR SEIDLITZ AND SODA POWDERS.

THE exact proportions and excellent quality of the ingredients in these Powders, and the neat and durable manner in which they are put up, removes the cause for disguising them with foreign labels and stamps. The subscriber feels disposed that their reputation should stand upon their merits; and if they are not as good as ever were offered for sale, he hopes his present extensive sale may not be increased. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, at No. 20 Fulton and 56 Division streets, by

Dr. L. S. COMSTOCK.

Sept. 3, 1831.

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beckman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that it relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beckman, corner of William st.

T. KENSETT.

VEGETABLE CERATE AND HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Hair Restorative, and Preservative Vegetable Cerate,

A REMEDY for baldness and the falling off of the hair. For the last eight years this valuable discovery has gained the highest reputation, and has been used by more than 20,000 people, and given the greatest satisfaction.

The fullest reliance may be placed in the efficacy and power of the Vegetable Cerate, not only in restoring and preventing the falling off of the hair, but in producing the greatest lustre and liveliness of it imaginable; the verity of which has been proved by many years experience. It tends to resuscitate and excite the energies of the capillary vessels which constitute those organs that secrete the matter forming the hair; these, like many other organs of the animal body which have been in a state of dormancy or disease, may be restored to their healthy action, and perform all those functions assigned them by nature. In many instances, that disagreeable disease among children, the scald head, has been effectually cured by the Cerate. Persons embarking on long voyages or going to warm climates, will find it to their advantage to take the Cerate with them, as all hot climates are so injurious to baldness. To guard against impositions, the Cerate is now put up in glass bottles, with the words "Vegetable Cerate and Hair Restorative," longitudinally blown in the glass. There are certificates left with the different agents, which are sufficient to convince any person who will call and read them, of the salutary effect this valuable article has on the production and growth of hair. The public are cautioned against a spurious imitation of the Cerate, and in order to prevent imposition, the sale of it will be confined in this city to the following drug stores—James H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chamber streets; Eushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street; Patrick Dickie, 413 Broadway; John B. Dodd, Franklin House, 193 Broadway; Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park; H. C. Thorp, 399 Broadway and David Perkins, 29 Maiden Lane.

Marshall C. Stocum, corner Broadway and Duane streets; Benjamin G. Jansen, 189 1-2 Hudson street; Dr. Church, 188 Bowery; and at the corner of William and Beckman streets, agents for the proprietor.

None are genuine except purchased from the above places. Price \$1 75 per bottle—\$15 per doz.

Dr. William Burgoine has been agent for these eight years in Charleston, S. C. and continues as such.

ROBERT LOWE, JR. HAIR CUTTER.

Re-opened at 80 Nassau-street,

(Between John and William-streets.

MAGIC MATCHES, or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article, for convenience, excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence of not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

N. B. GRAHAM, jun.

Aug. 13

35 Cedar, corner William st.

NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT LINE.

FOR ALBANY—From

the new Steam-Boat Pier at the foot of Barclay-street

PASSAGE \$2. MEALS EXTRA.

DAY LINE

The low pressure steam boat North America, Captain

James Benson, Leaves New York

Tuesday, Leaves Albany

Thursday, and Friday, and

Saturday, at 7 o'clock A.M.

The low pressure steam boat Albany, Captain Joseph

Jonkins, Leaves New York

Wednesday, Leaves Albany

Friday, and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A.M.

The low pressure steam boat New Philadelphia, Captain

George E. Seymour, Leaves New York

Tuesday, Leaves Albany

Thursday, and Friday, at 5 P.M.

The low pressure steam boat Dewitt Clinton, Captain

Sherman, Leaves New York

Monday, Leaves Albany

Wednesday, and Thursday, at 4 P.M.

Friday, and Saturday, at 4 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.

From, at 5 P.M.